3

West Virginia SONG BOOK

For

INSTITUTES AND SCHOOLS

Department of Schools
Charleston

THE WEST VIRGINIA SONG BOOK

—FOR—

INSTITUTES AND SCHOOLS

Containing Songs and Scripture Readings Suitable for Opening Exercises and Special Occasions

1914

ARRANGED BY
M. P. SHAWKEY, State Superintendent of Schools

CHARLESTON

ALLIED PRINTING
TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL
CHARLESTON W. VA.

TRIBUNE PRINTING CO., CHARLESTON, W. VA

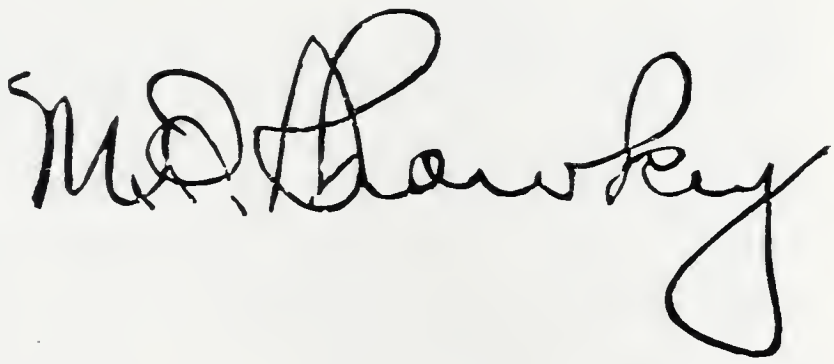
INTRODUCTION

Thirty thousand copies of the Song Book are printed each year. About half of this number is needed to supply the county institutes and the remainder is distributed to schools throughout the state. To select songs suitable for this dual purpose is a difficult task, indeed. We have held to the familiar airs even at the expense possibly of the institute music, but this year we have attempted to balance up the book by the addition of some dozen or more songs most of which are new. We hope that these will add zest to the institute music and that they will likewise be appreciated by teachers who use the song book in their schools throughout the term.

Since this publication is furnished in quantities for school use, we have always requested that postage be sent with each order. Books can now be sent by parcel post which reduces the cost of postage in the first and second zones to approximately two cents per copy when six or more are sent to the same address.

You will assist us greatly in increasing the usefulness of this publication by making a careful estimate of the number of copies needed. We shall take pleasure in filling orders as long as the supply lasts.

Very truly yours,



State Superintendent.

OPENING EXERCISES

No exercise should be given place and time on an institute or school program unless it has some right to be there that is stronger than mere custom. In many institutes the session opens with singing, not because the singing is considered as valuable as what follows, but simply because those in authority are expected to have such an exercise. Too many teachers feel that the really valuable work of the institute begins "after singing" and too often this is true. The county superintendent should not permit the opening exercises to degenerate into a half-hearted, meaningless routine that goes on while teachers and visitors are coming in and adjusting themselves. Let the gavel of authority, whether it be in institute or school, fall promptly at the time designated for opening; let the plans for the beginning of the session be thoroughly matured in advance; and insist that all teachers or pupils, as the case may be, understand the significance of this part of the program and enter into it with an understanding and zest that will tone the mind and the spirit for an honest day's labor.

Following this general statement a few words in regard to music will not be amiss. Too much of our institute and school singing does not go beyond the larynx—in fact, the vocal cords are not more than half used; but singing or any other music to be effective must pervade the whole being,—physical, mental and spiritual. To be more specific, let us suppose that the selection to be sung is "America." The leader should make sure that the singers are in a physical attitude for good work. It is unpatriotic to sing "America" while sitting or standing in a new moon position, and yawning while "rocks their silence break." The newer psychology says that our mental work is based largely on the condition of our bodies, which means that the successful leader or teacher will see that the teachers or pupils get their bodies ready for this song of devotion to our country. This preparation would be of little avail if this hymn is sung without the understanding, and by understanding we do not mean pitch and time alone, but rather that basis of interpretation within the reach of all, the content and spirit of the hymn.

America.

S. F. SMITH

(National Hymn.)

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

Cres.

pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

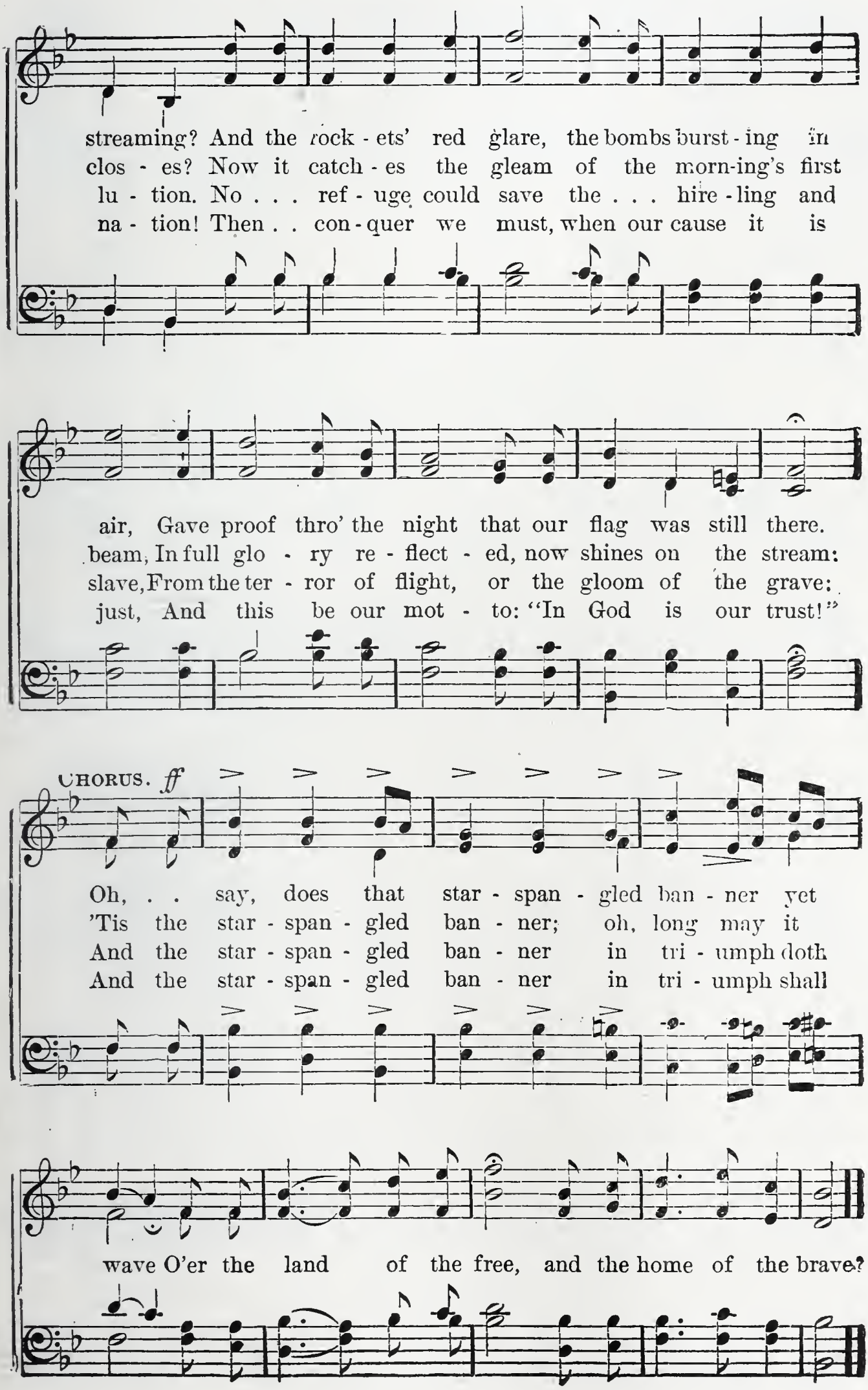
The Star Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. Oh, . . . say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light; What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so [illegible] - ly
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half c[illegible], half dis -
3. And . . . where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . . home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their . . blood has wash'd out thei[illegible] foot - steps' po -
4. Oh, . . . thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made [illegible] pre - served us a

The Star Spangled Banner. Concluded.



Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. Air: "Glory, Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a -

of the Lord: He is trampling out the vint - age where the
cir - cling camps; They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the
call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
cross the sea; With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-

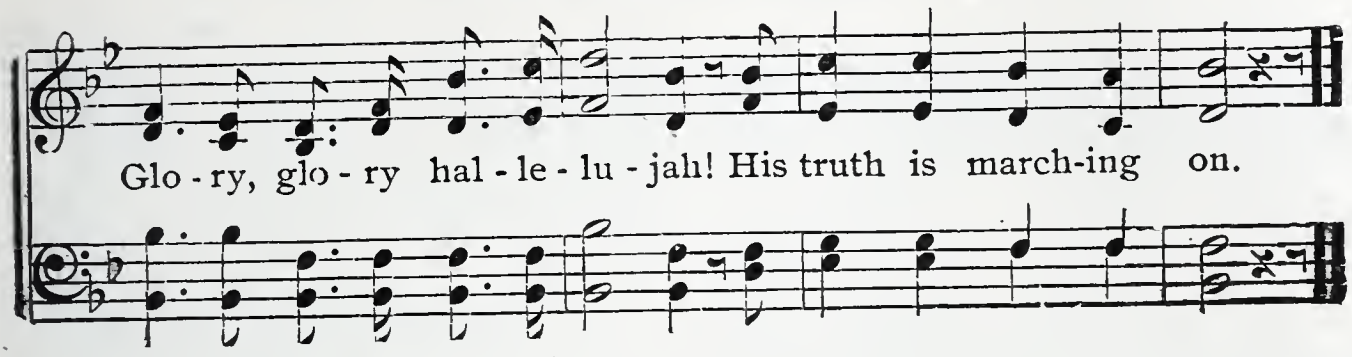
grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light-ning
eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sen - tence
fore His judg ment-seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer
fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly,

of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His truth is march-ing on.
Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
let us die to make men free: While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah!

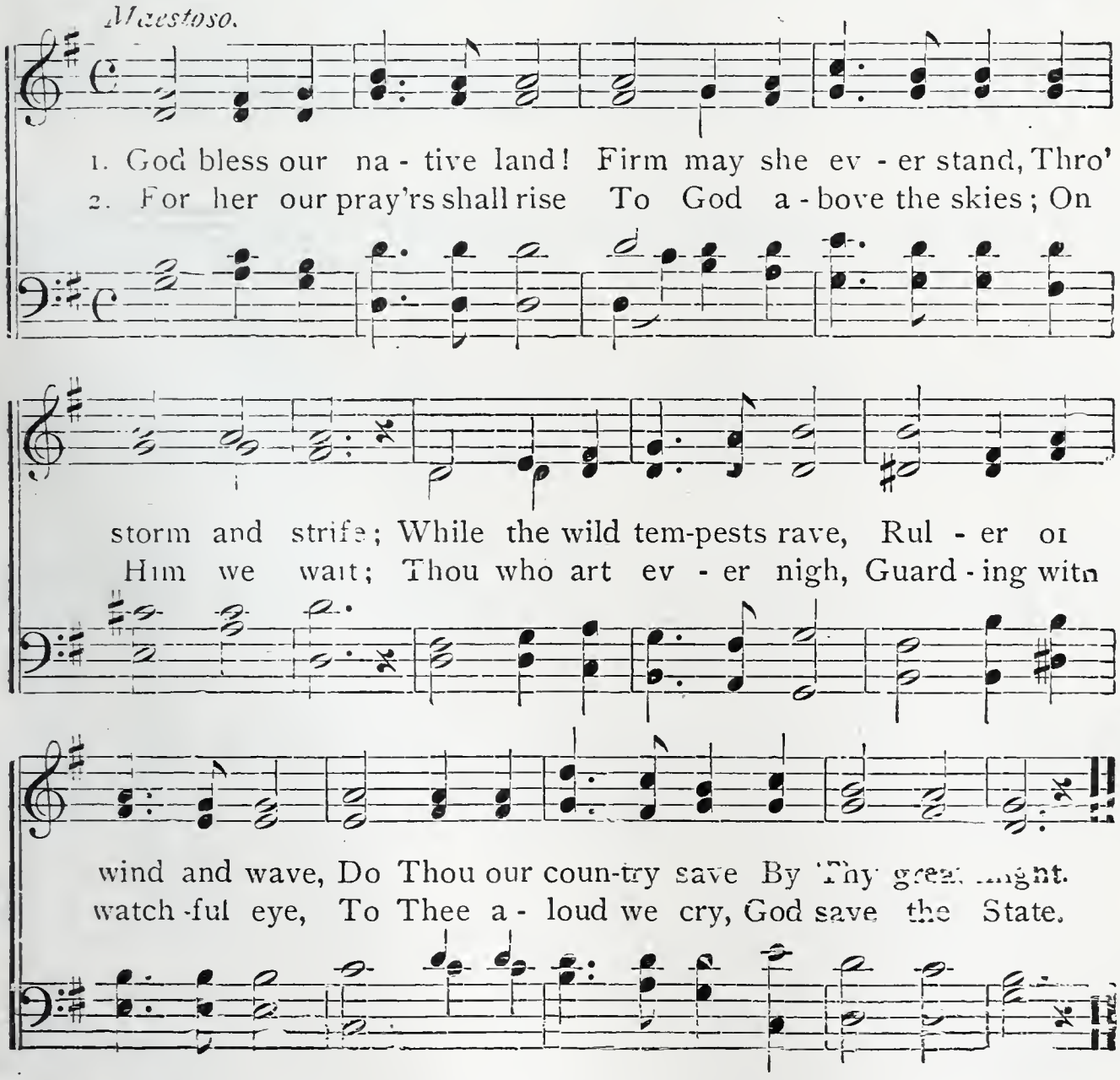
Battle Hymn of the Republic. Concluded.



God Bless Our Native Land.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT. ROYS BRIDGMAN.

Maestoso.



From "Songs of the Flag and Nation," published by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE, New York.
Used by special permission.

YANKEE DOODLE.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - win,
2. And there we saw a thou - sand men As rich as Squire Da - vid;
3. And there was Gen - 'ral Wash - ing - ton Up - on a snow-white charg - er;

And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hast - y pud - ding.
And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
He looked as big as all out doors, Some thought he was much larg - er.

CHORUS.

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

4 And there they had a copper gun,
Big as a log of maple,
They tied it to a wooden cart,
A load for father's cattle

5 And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder

6 And there I saw a little keg
All bound around with leather,
They beat it with two little sticks,
To call the men together.

7 But I can't tell you half I saw,
They kept up such a smother;
I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

From "Patriotic Songs." Copyright, 1903, by Orville Brewer.
Used by permission of Orville Brewer Publishing Co. Chicago, Ill.

DIXIE.

EMMETT.

1. I wish I were in the land of cotton, Old times there are not for-got-ten,
Dix-ie-land where I was born, Ear-ly on a frost-y morn,

2. There's buckwheat cake and In-dian batter, Makes you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter;
hoe it down and scratch your gravel, To Dixie's land I'm bound to travel,

Look a-way! look a-way! look a-way! Dix-ie
Look a-way! look a-way! look a-way!

CHORUS

land. In land. Then I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-
Then Hooray!

ray! In Dix-ie land I'll take my stand To live and die in
Hoo-ray!

Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, a-way, a-way, A-way down south in

Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, a-way, a-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

Red, White, and Blue.

Maestoso.

1. O Columbia! the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the
2. When war winged its wide desolation, And threatened the land to de-
3. The Union, the Un-ion for-ev-er, Our glo - ri-ous nation's sweet

free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers
form, The ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co - lum-bia, rode
hymn, May the wreaths it has won never wither, Nor the star of its

hom-age to thee. Thy mandates make heroes as-sem-ble,
safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of vict'ry a-round her,
glo-ry grow dim; May the service, u - ni-ted, ne'er sev-er,

Red, White, and Blue. Concluded.

When Lib - er-ty's form stands in view; Thy banners make tyranny
When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly floating be-
But they to their colors prove true! The Ar-my and Na-vy for-

:S: Fine.

D. S. trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
D. S. fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
D. S. ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

FULL CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the

D. S.

red, white, and blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
red, white, and blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be-
red, white, and blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for-

Old Glory, we Love thee!

Words by Ida Scott Taylor. Music "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." Arr. by H. M. Butler.

Moderately fast.

1. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! our em - blem so
2. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! through tu - mults and
3. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! thy col - ors shall

louder.

true, The flag of our Un - ion, the red, white, and blue; We
wars Thou ledst us to vic - t'ry, with stripes and with stars; We
be Em - blaz - oned with splen - dor, from sea un - to sea; We'll

hail thee, we bless thee, the pride of our land, And
land thee, we praise thee, for long thou hast stood For
keep thee, we'll hold thee, and ne'er let thee go, And

loy - al for - ev - er to thee will we stand. Old
all that is no - ble and hon - ored and good. Old
wreathe thee with lau - rels, thy tri - umphs to show. Old

Old Glory We Love Thee—Concluded

Glo - ry, we love thee! and blest is the breeze That
Glo - ry, we love thee! our hearts ev - er - more Shall
Glo - ry, we love thee! wave proud - ly on high! Through

louder.

waves thee in tri - umph o'er main - land and seas.
thrill to be - hold thee on o - cean and shore.
thee will we con - quer, yes, con - quer or die!

CHORUS.

Then here's to Old Glo - ry, and long may she wave, The

sym - bol of free - dom, the flag of the brave!

THE NEW AMERICAN HYMN.

Wm. T. Soulee.

1. A - mer - i - ca, thou glo - rious land, to thee we fond - ly cling. With
2. A - mer - i - ca, thou ra - diant star whose light is ev - er bright, Send
3. A - mer - i - ca, thou glo - rious land of lib - er - ty and love, To

1. A - mer - i - ca, thou glo - rious land, to thee we fond - ly cling. With
2. A - mer - i - ca, thou ra - diant star whose light is ev - er bright, Send
3. A - mer - i - ca, thou glo - rious land of lib - er - ty and love, To

grate - ful hearts at - tuned to praise of lib - er - ty we sing. Thy
forth to all the lands a - far thy free - dom's ho - ly light. No
thee we raise an end - less praise re - ech - o - ing a - bove. Should

grate - ful hearts at - tuned to praise of lib - er - ty we sing. Thy
forth to all the lands a - far thy free - dom's ho - ly light. No
thee we raise an end - less praise re - ech - o - ing a - bove. Should

Copyright, 1906, by American Book Company. Mel. Fourth Rd.

From the "Melodic Fourth Reader." Copyright, 1906. by Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. Used by permission of American Book Company, Publishers.

The New American Hymn—Continued

REFRAIN.

ff

A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, We'll shout from strand to strand, A -

A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, We'll shout from strand to strand, A -

ff

rit. *rall.*

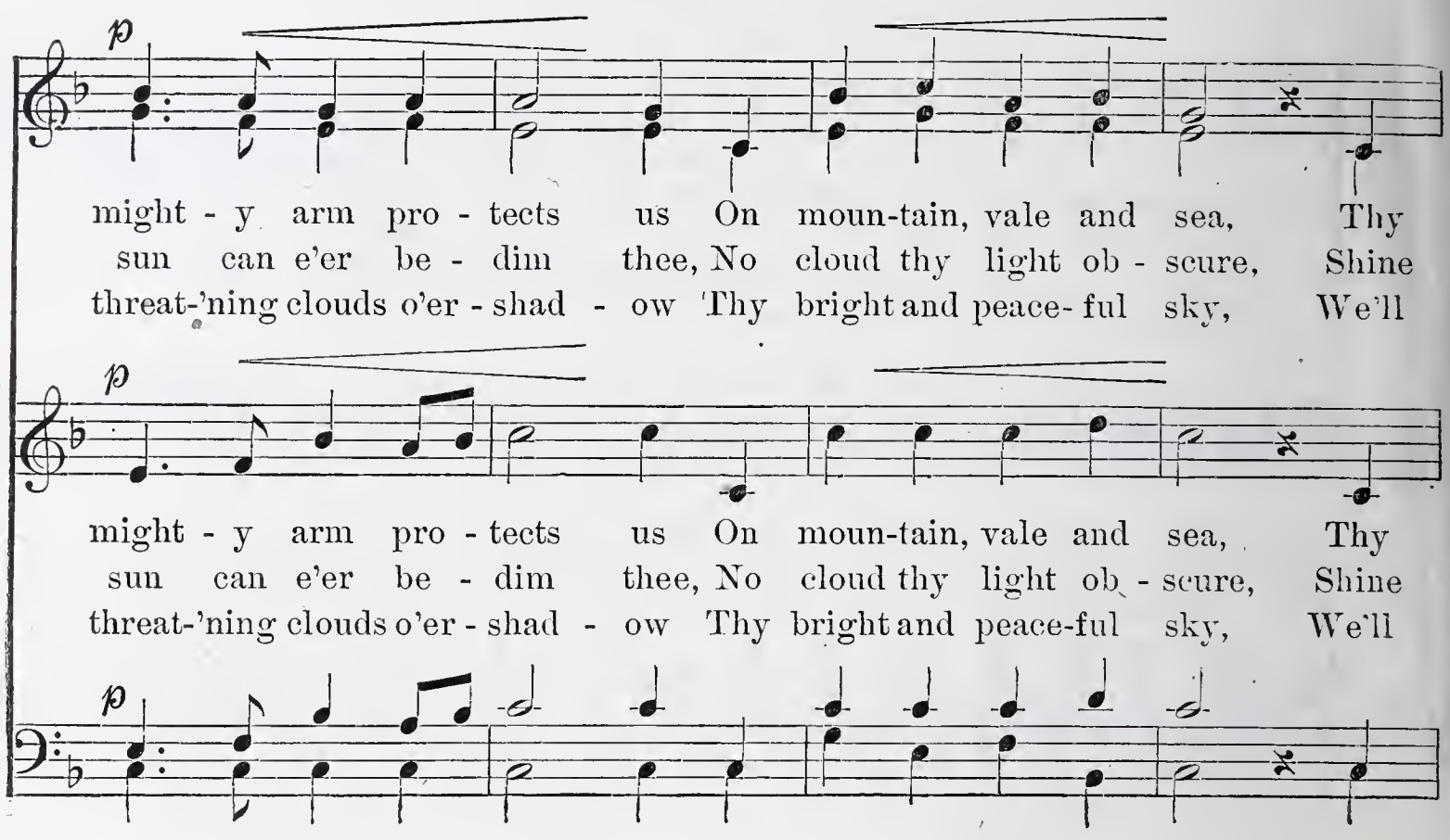
mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, Long live our glo - rious land.

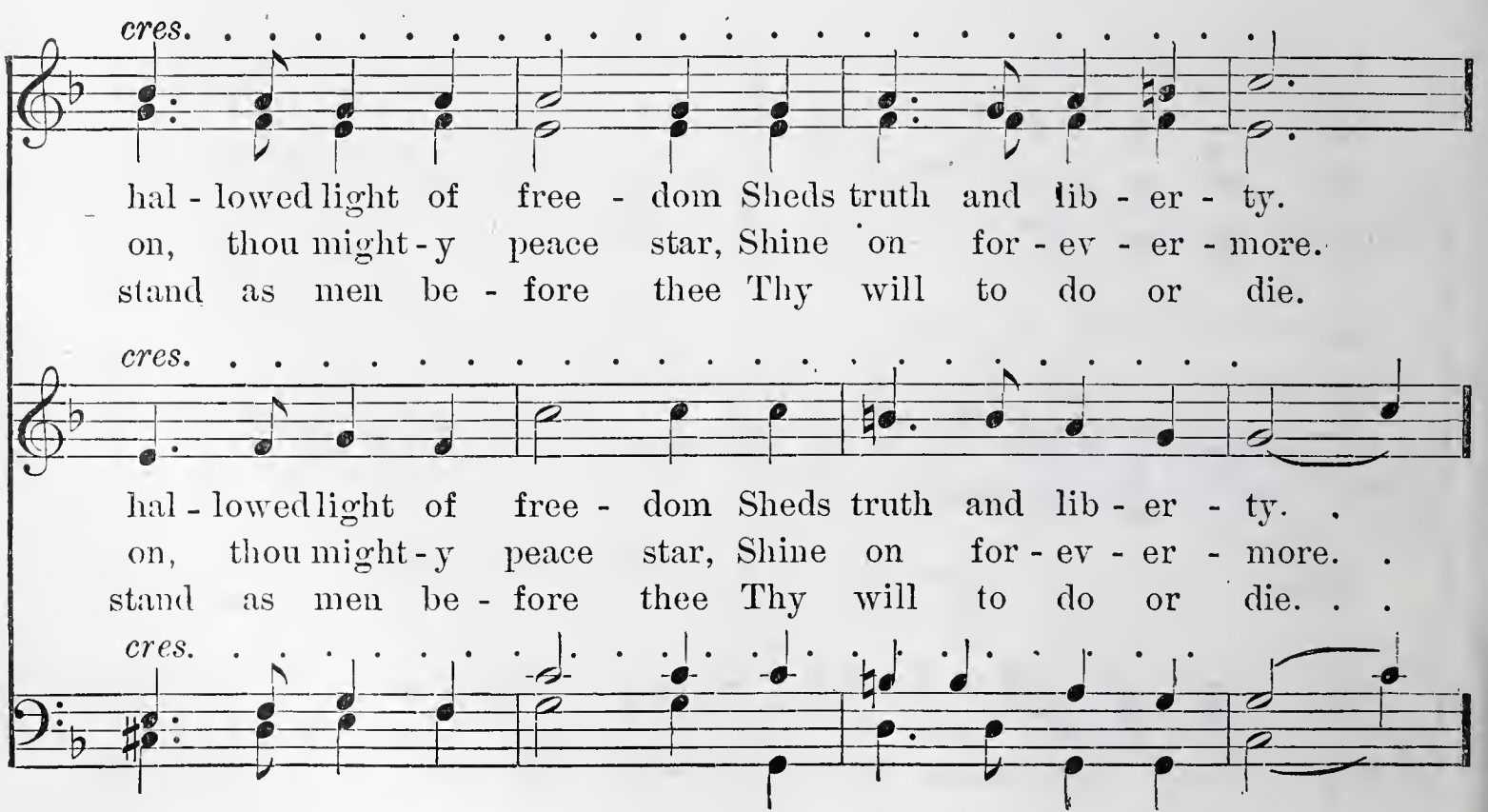
rit. *rall.*

mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, Long live our glo - rious land.

Mel. Fourth Rd.

The New American Hymn—Concluded



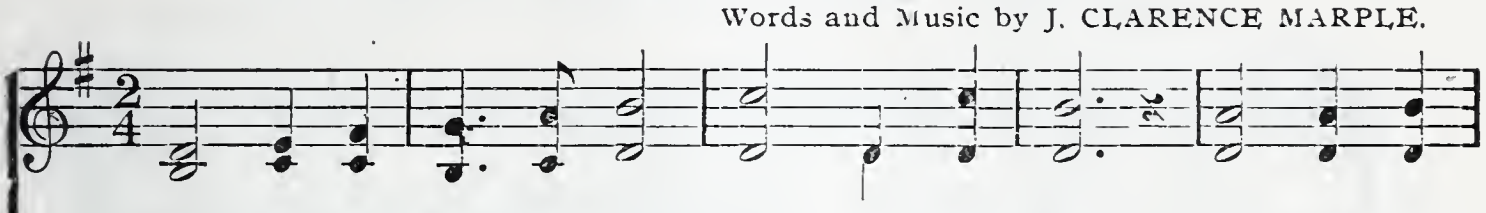


Mel. Fourth Rd.

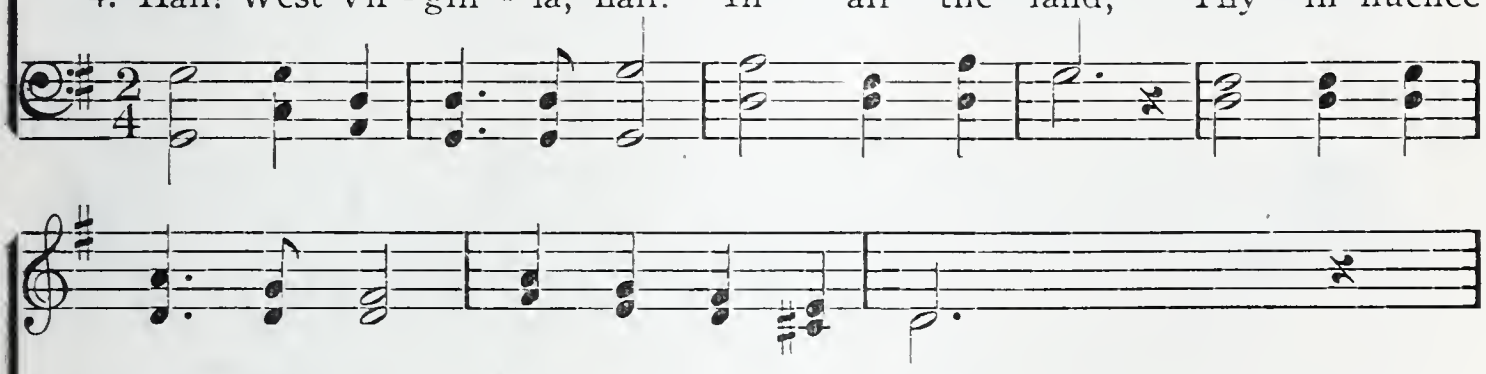
HAIL, WEST VIRGINIA!

WEST VIRGINIA STATE SONG.

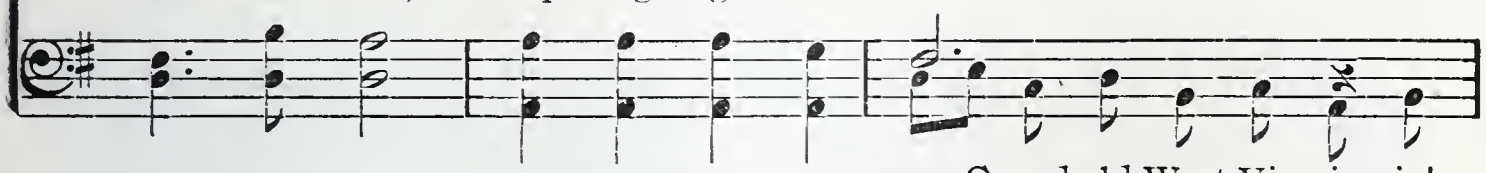
Words and Music by J. CLARENCE MARPLE.



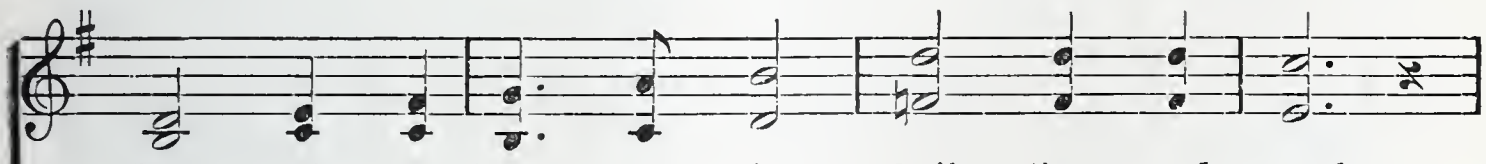
1. Hail! West Vir - gin - ia, hail! Home of the free, Our love shall
2. Hail! West Vir - gin - ia, hail! In this glad hour, Let truth and
3. Hail! West Vir - gin - ia, hail! Our heart's de - light! Let nev - er
4. Hail! West Vir - gin - ia, hail! In all the land, Thy in - fluence



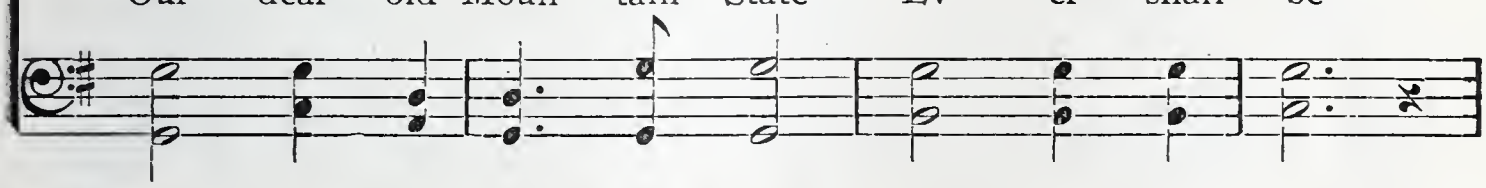
nev - er fail, Moun - tain State, for thee!
right pre - vail; Peace shall show its pow'r!
foes as - sail Thy name, 't is so bright
can - not fail, Help - ing right to stand!

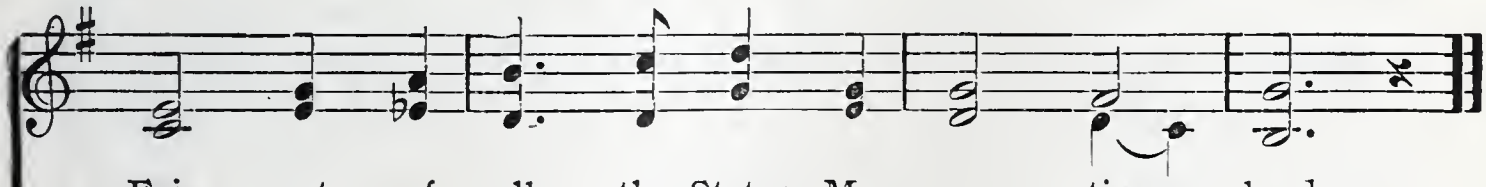


Grand old West Vir-gin - ia!

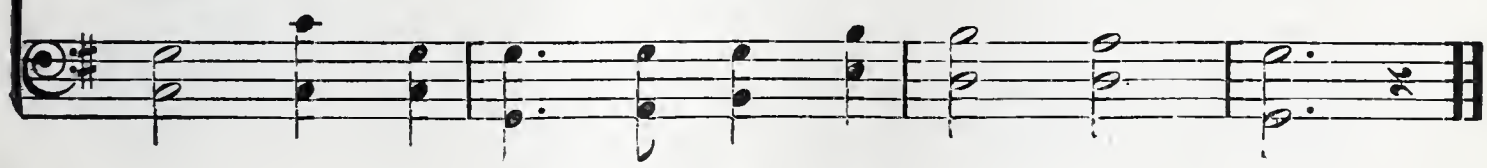


Star of our hope, a - rise, Bril - liant and grand;
Thy maj - es - ty, so great, In glo - ry shines
In deeds he - ro - ic, brave, No - ble, sub - lime;
Our dear old Moun - tain State Ev - er shall be





Fair - est of all the States, My na - tive land.
O'er all the na - tion wide, In liv - ing lines.
Our coun - try for to save: Oh, glo - rious clime!
Great - est of all the great. All hail to thee!



THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

Mrs. Ellen King. H. E. Engle.

1. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! How ma - jes - tic and how grand,
2. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! Where my girlhood's hours were pass'd;
3. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! How unchang'd they seem to stand,
4. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! I must bid you now a - dieu;

With their summits bathed in glo - ry, Like our Prince Imman-uel's land;
Where I oft - en wander'd lone - ly, And the fu - ture tried to cast;
With their summits point-ed sky- ward To the Great Al-mighty's Land;
In my home be-yond the mountains I shall ev - er dream of you;

Is it a - ny won-der then, That my heart with rap - ture thrills,
Ma - ny are our vis-ions bright Which the fu - ture ne'er ful - fills;
Ma - ny chang-es I can see, Which my heart with sad - ness fills,
In the eve - ning time of life, If my Fa - ther on - ly wills,

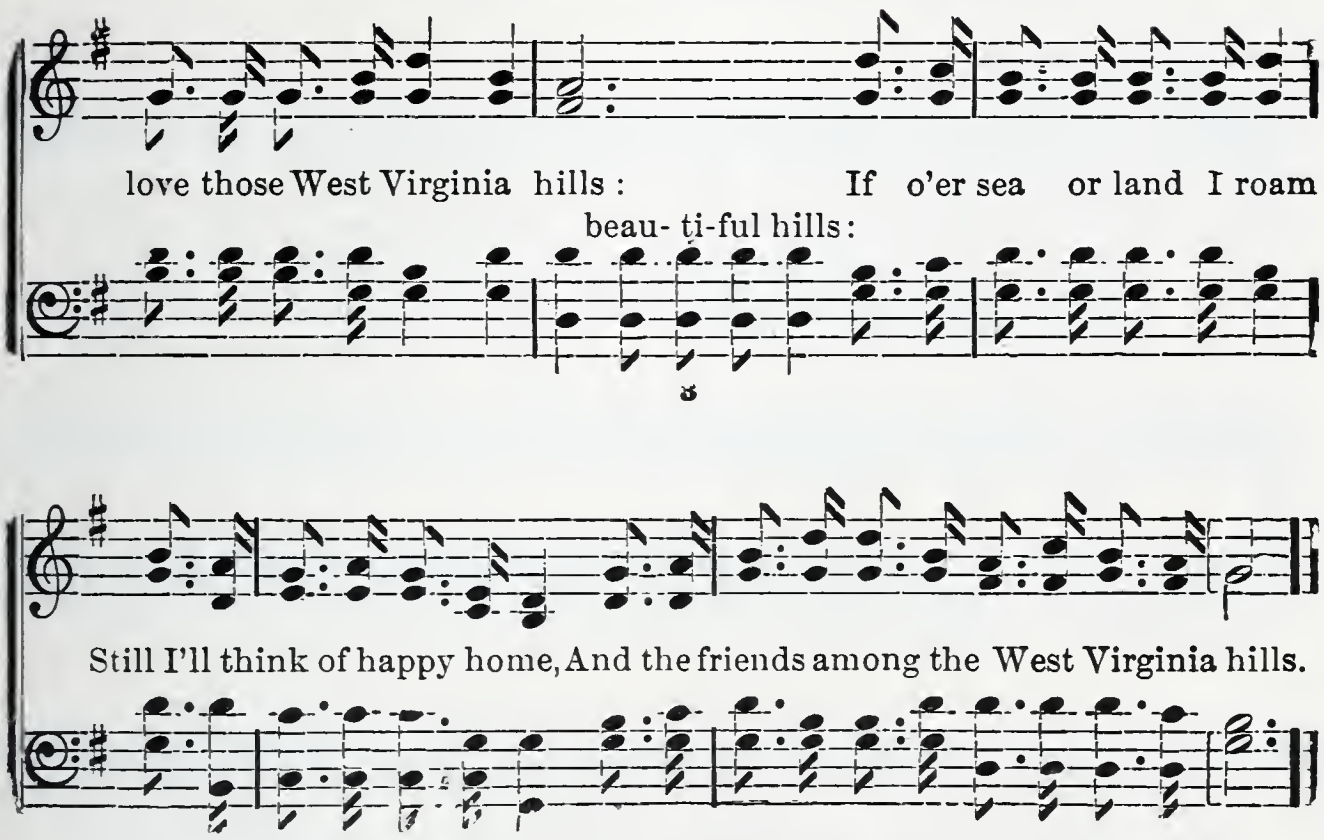
As I stand once more with loved ones On those West Virgin - ia hills?
But how sun - ny were my day-dreams On those West Virgin - ia hills!
But no chang - es can be no - ticed In those West Virgin - ia hills!
I shall still be - hold the vis - ion Of those West Virgin - ia hills!

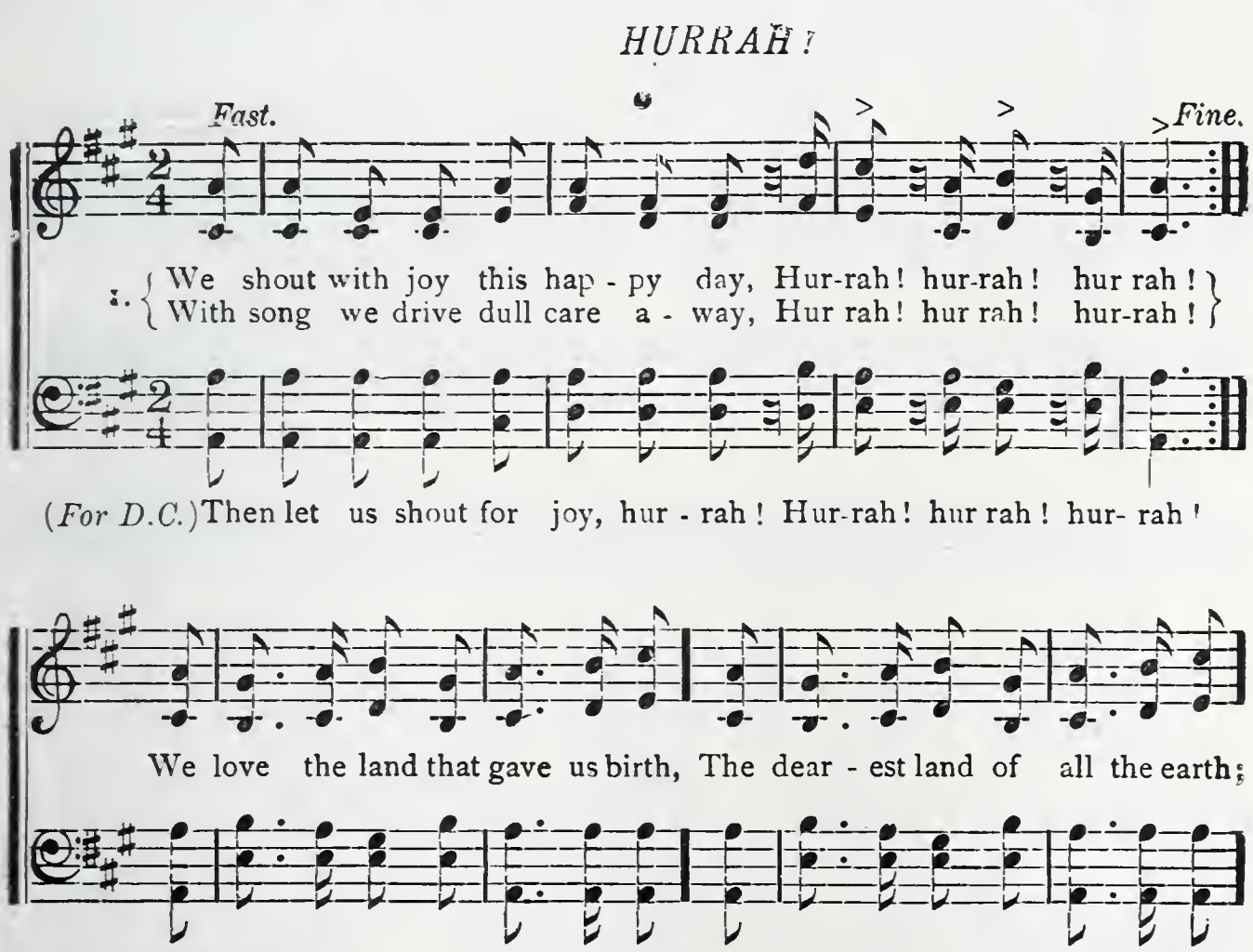
Chorus.

O the hills, Beau - ti - ful hills, How I
Beauti-ful hills, beauti-ful hills,

Copyright, 1886, by H. E. Engle.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS. Concluded.





2 Here Freedoms's star is rising high
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
It shines in splendor in the sky,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And Freedom's voice will evermore
In triumph ring from shore to shore;
Then let us shout for joy, hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

3 Here science fair, and learning bright,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Have shed a pure and brilliant light,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And knowledge, truth, and liberty,
Our watchwords evermore shall be;
Then let us shout for joy, hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

By permission Manor Publishing Co., Lancaster, Pa.

Hymn Of The West Virginians

Wm SEYMOUR EDWARDS — Wm S MASON

O! Daugh - ter of Free - dom we hail thee! Fair - est
O! Men who are bred to the moun - tains! O!
They per - ished with Brad - dock at Pitts - burg! They
And when the dark cloud of se - cess - ion Came
'Midst our moun - tains as free as the wa - ters, That

f

child of the land we a - dore! Brought forth by a peo - ple in
Wo - men who dwell in the dales! Ye've learned that from Lib - er - ty's
starv - ing held grim Val - ley Forge: With Wash - ing - ton con - quered at
creep - ing o - ver the land; When sla - ver - y's si - lent ag
flow 'neath the lau - rel and pine; As free as the might - y winged

trav - ail! 'Mids the ter - rors and temp - ests of war! Thou art
foun - tains 'Tis jus - tice that ev - er pre - vails! Like thy
Tren - ton! At York - town, smote ty - rant King George! At New
gress - ion, From whis - per turned in - to com - mand, Then in
ea - gle, That soars o'er the sum - mits sub - lime, Thy sons

mp

Copyright 1912 by Wm Seymour Edwards

Hymn of the West Virginians---Continued

ev - er the pride of the na - tion! The sign of the Lord in the sun! Art
fa - thers who watch'd on the bor - der, De - fend - ing the line of the West From
Or - leans they shot straight with Jackson! Buena Vis - ta's great vic - to - ry gain, When
stant, from mountain and val - ley From man - sion and cab - in as one, At the
and thy daughters stand ev - er Ex - em - plars, on land and on sea, Of the

cresc. *ff*

Free - dom's most pre - cious cre - a - tion! The treas - ure a mil - lion lives won!
In - dian and gal - lic ma - rau - der, Their sons! Ye are true to the test!
Tay - lor broke fierce San - ta An - a, Re - veng - ing the Al - a - mo's slain!
first call of Lin - coln they ral - ly, And save what their fa - thers have won!
watch words the breezes - de - liv - er Mountain - eers, they shall ev - er be free!

slower

CHORUS.

They are call - ing from the moun - tains! They are call - ing from the

mf

Hymn of the West Virginians---Concluded

plain! West Vir - gin - ia! West Vir - gin - ia! Hear the great re-

f West Vir-gin - ia West Vir-gin - ia

8va

frain! From Maine to San Fran - cis - co O'er our bless-ed cloud-kissed

mf

mf

8va

land! West Vir - gin - ia West Vir - gin ia! Rolls the ech-o grand!

West Vir-gin - ia West Vir-gin-ia *slower*

8va

All Hail the Power.

PERRONET. (Coronation. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yonder sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

E. H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far - a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vi - sions and dreams, Its bright jas - per

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but dim - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be-

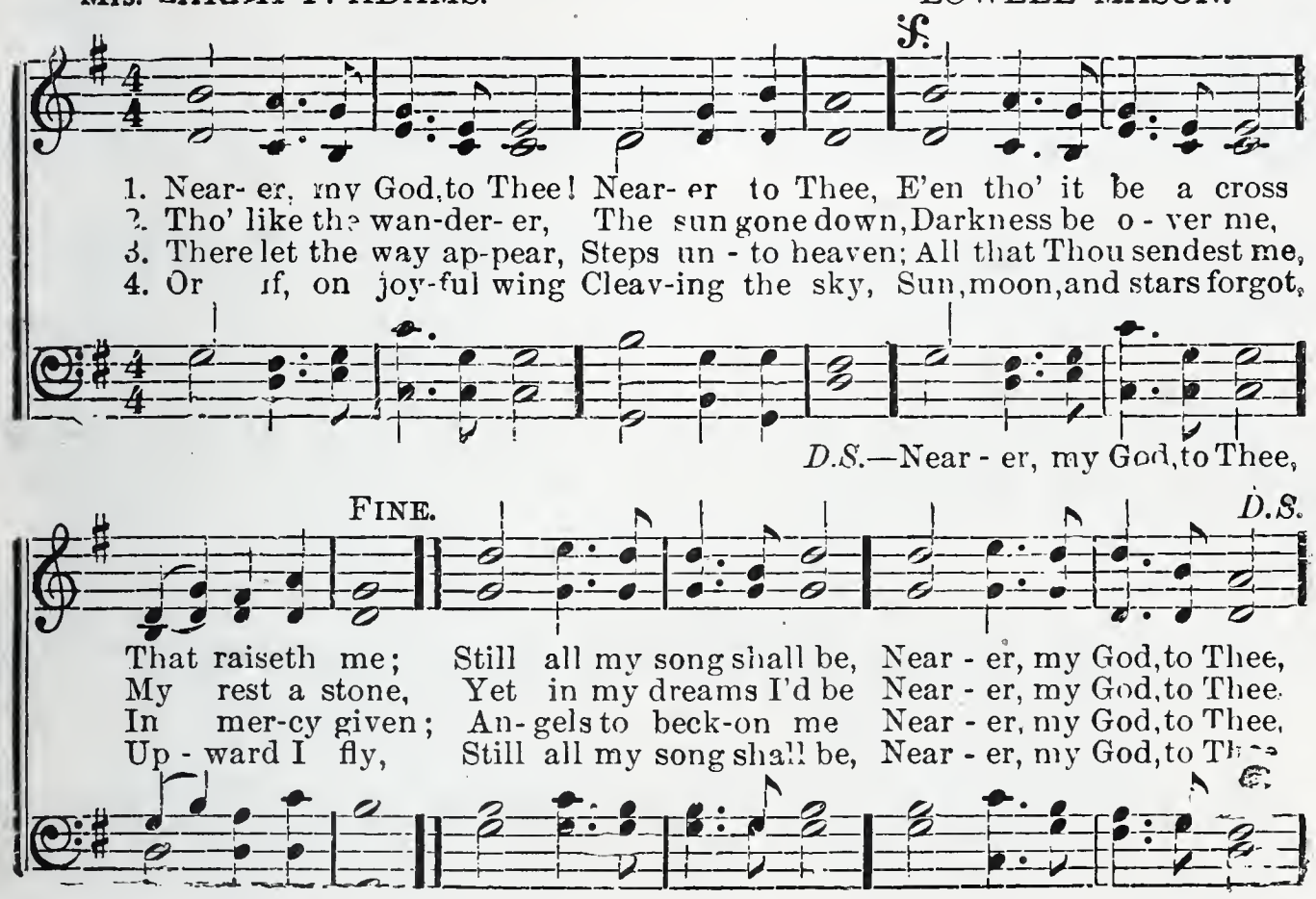
years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
tween that fair cit - y and me, Be - tween that fair cit - y and me; Till I

storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but dim - ly the veil in - ter - venes, Be - tween that fair cit - y and me.

From "American Song Book." Copyright, 1905, by Orville Brewer.
Used by permission of Orville Brewer Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

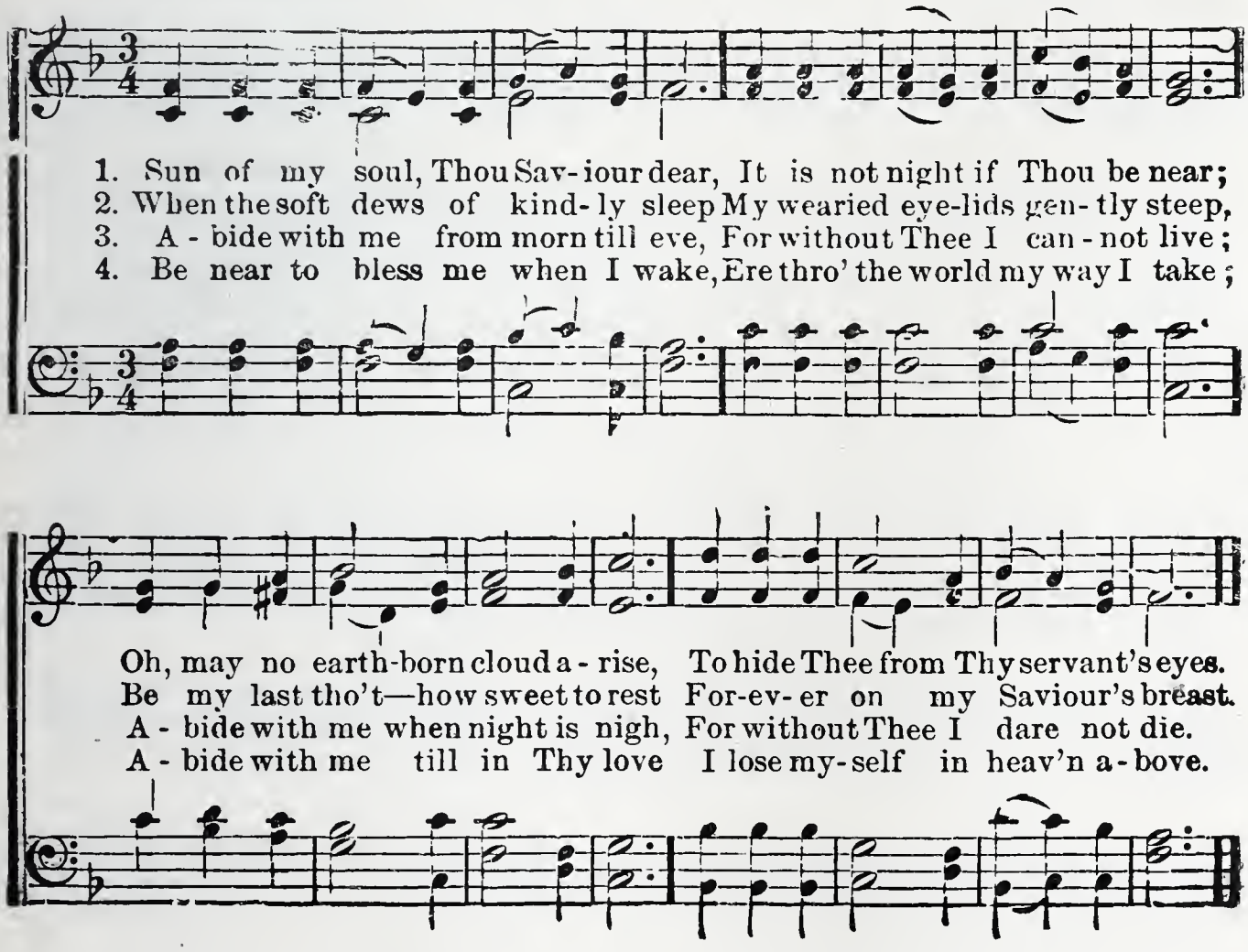
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



SUN OF MY SOUL

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. PETER RITTER.



Lead, Kindly Light.

Newman. **Dykes.**

Andante.

p

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, . . Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou . . Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . . Will lead me

p

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, . . Lead Thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path but now . . . Lead Thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till . . . The night is

mf

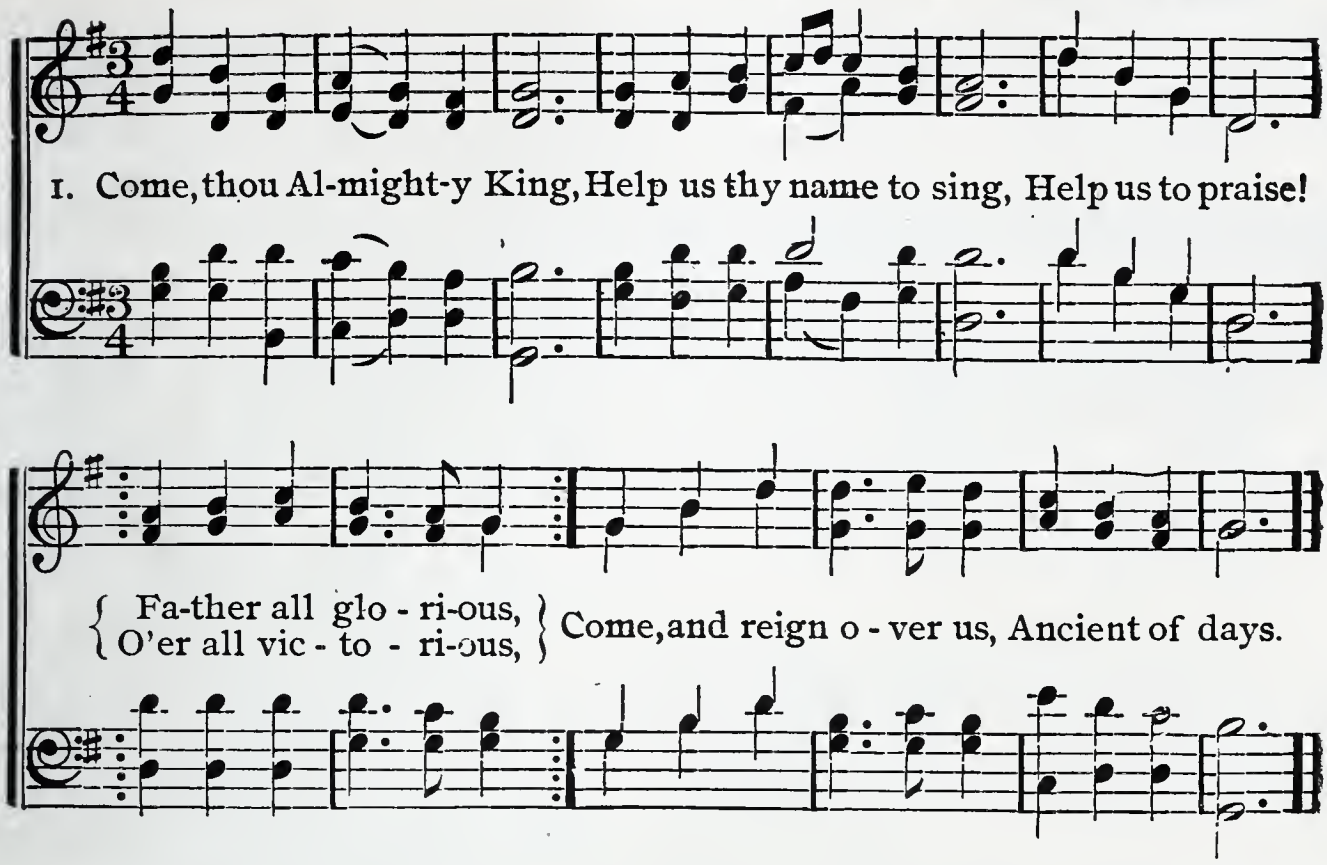
on. . . Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
on. . . I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, . .
gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .

mf

The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me. . .
Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not . . past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost . . a - while.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. ITALIAN HYMN, 6s, 4s. (M. H. 6.) FELICE GIARDINI.

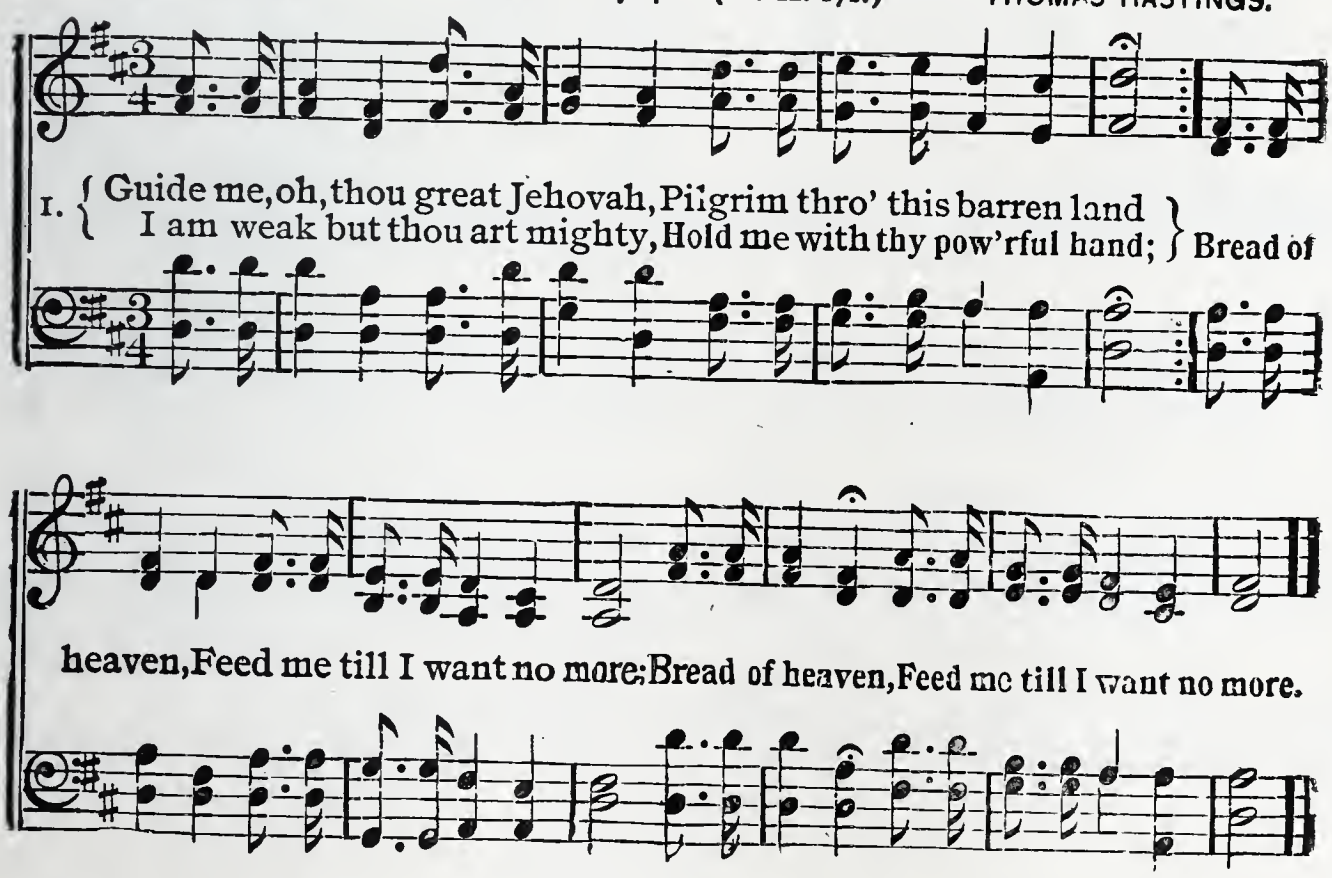


2 Come, holy Comforter.
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

3 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be;
Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS. ZION. 8. 7. 4. (M. H. 171.) THOMAS HASTINGS.

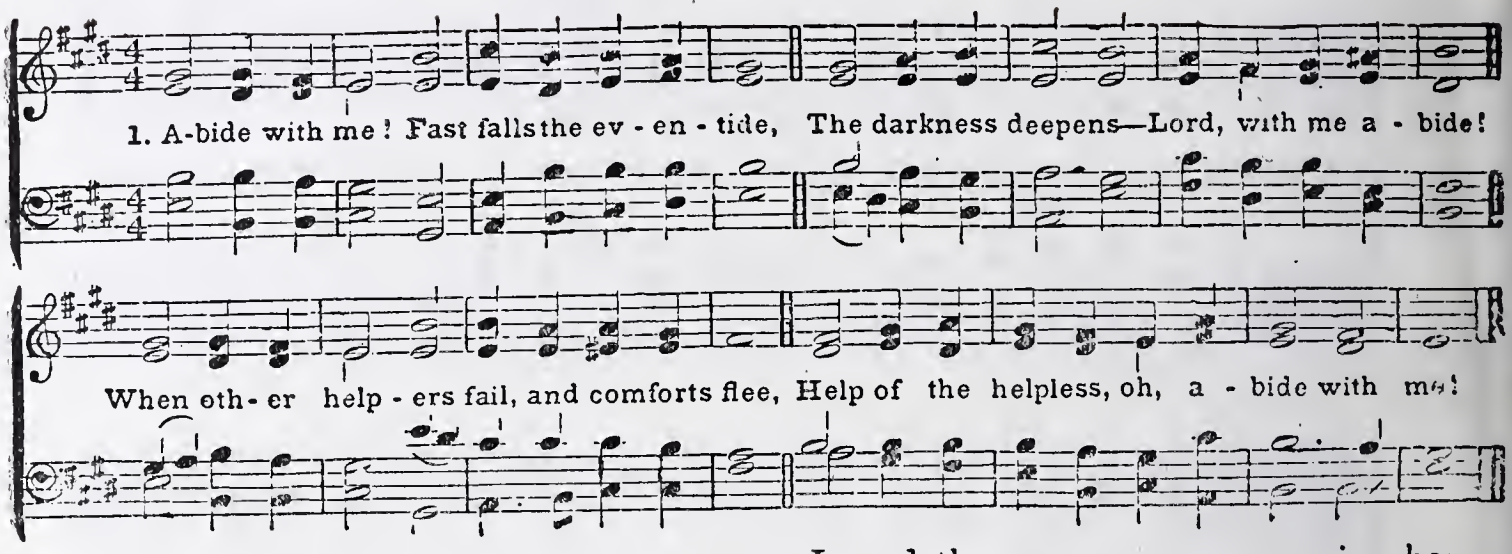


2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
||: Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield. :||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside
Bear me thro' the swelling current:
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
||: Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. :||

ABIDE WITH ME!

EVENTIDE. 10s.



"Abide with us." H. F. LYTE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

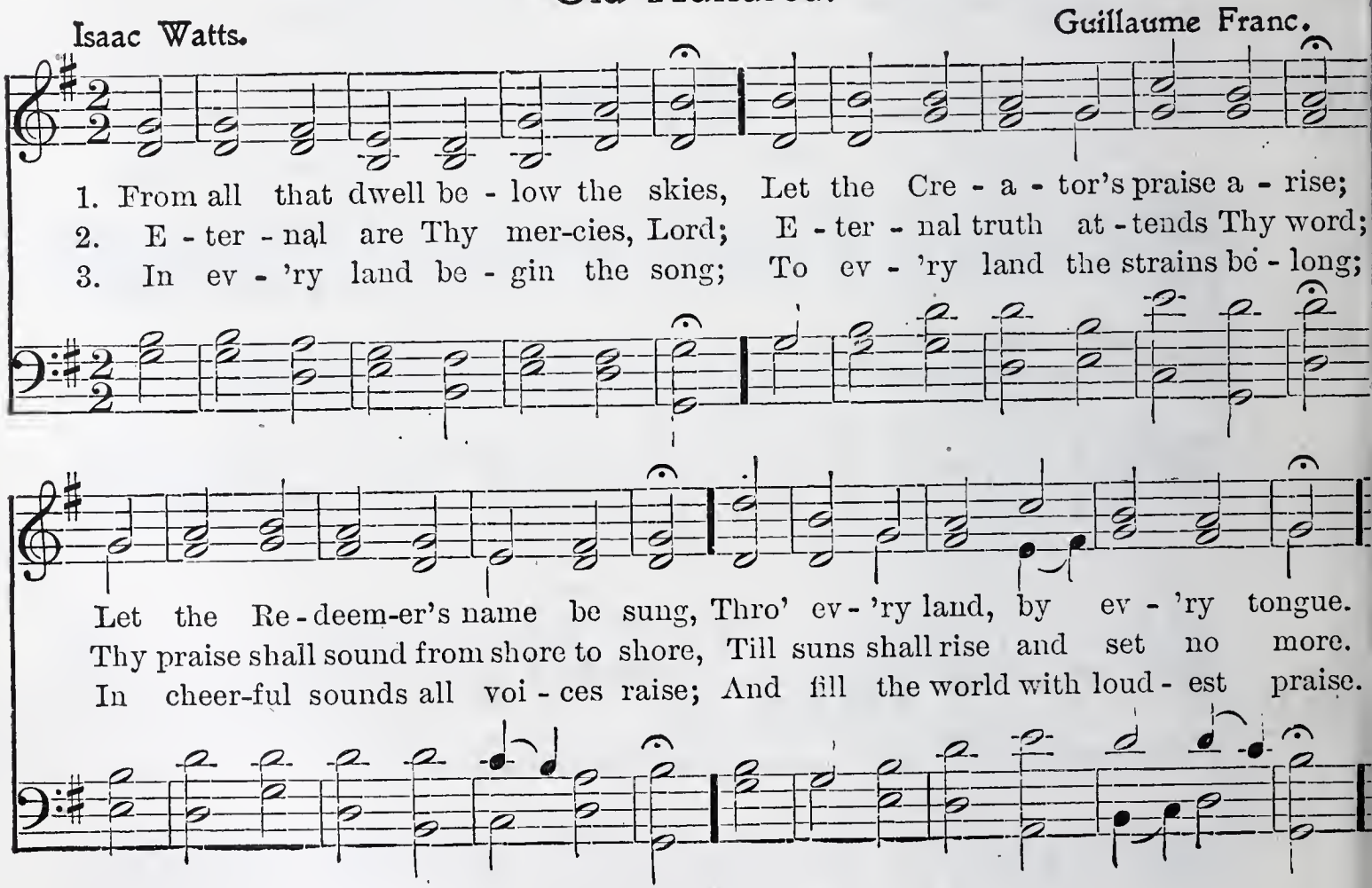
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Old Hundred.

Isaac Watts. Guillaume Franc.



Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken

By courtesy of Silver, Burdett & Company, New York.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

BISHOP HEBER. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky and sea!
Thou who wast, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be!
In - fi - nite in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty!

Lord of the Harvest.

NELLIE A. DAVIDSON. H. W. PORTER.

♩ = 112.

1. Lord of the Harvest, hear our praise For the fields of ripened grain;
2. Lord of the Harvest, hear our song, Of thanksgiving for Thy care;

Un - to Thee our thanks we raise, For the sun-shine and the rain.
Na-ture's voic- es praise pro-long, Love is shin - ing ev -'ry-where.

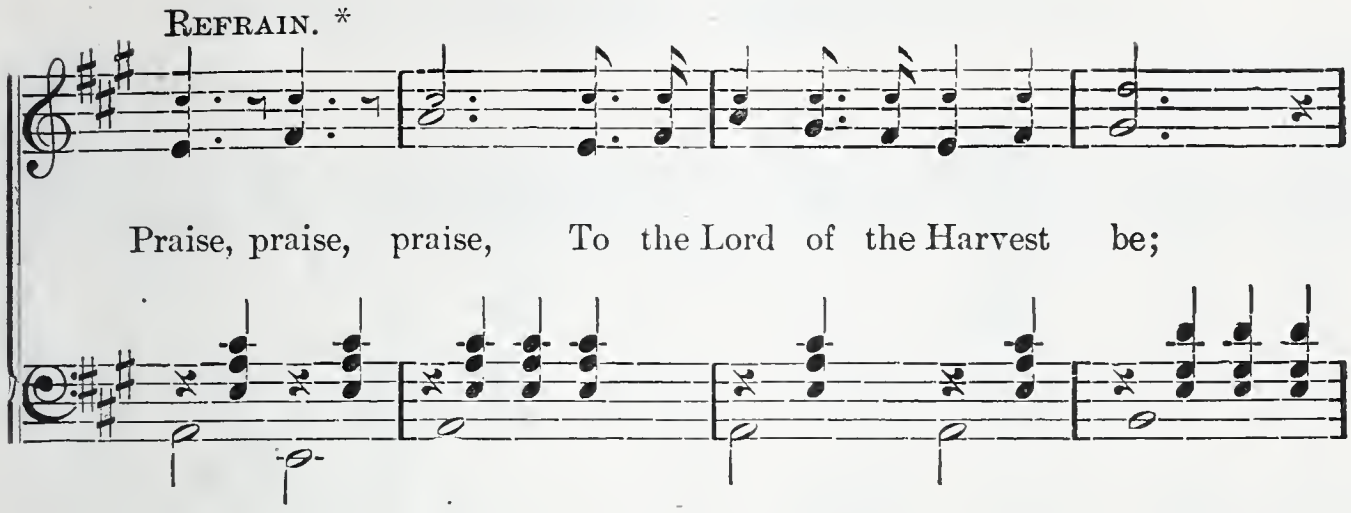
All the year Thy hand hath blest, Rich a - bundance Thou hast giv'n;
Sum-mer's heat nor win- ter's hail, Seed - time nor the har- vest fair,

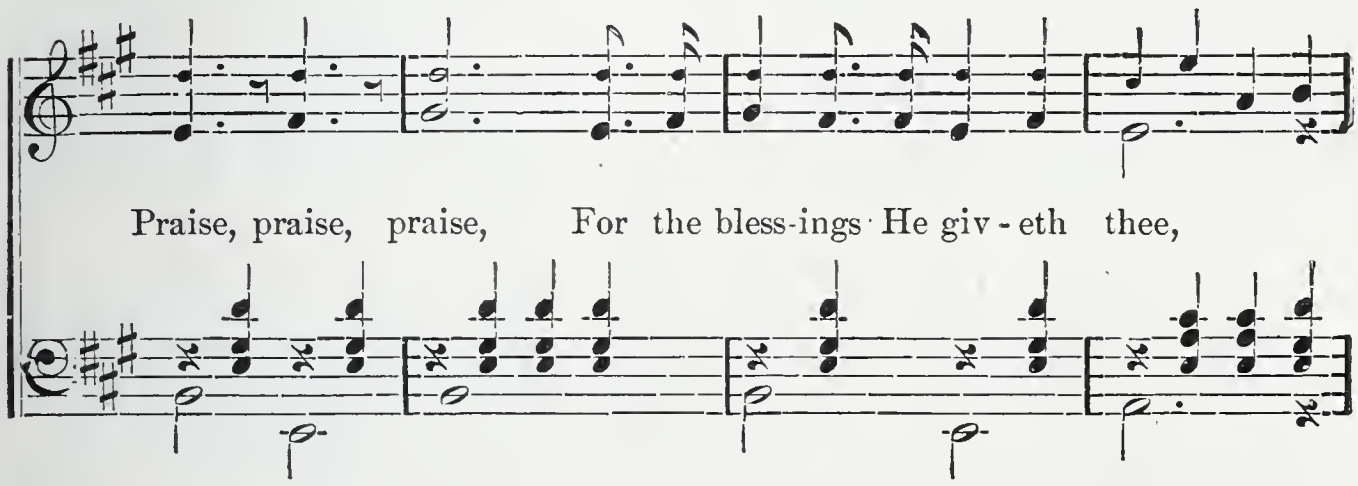
Thank Thee for the toil and rest, Sweet re-fresh-ing sent from heav'n.
Day or night shall ev - er fail; All proclaim Thy thoughtful care.

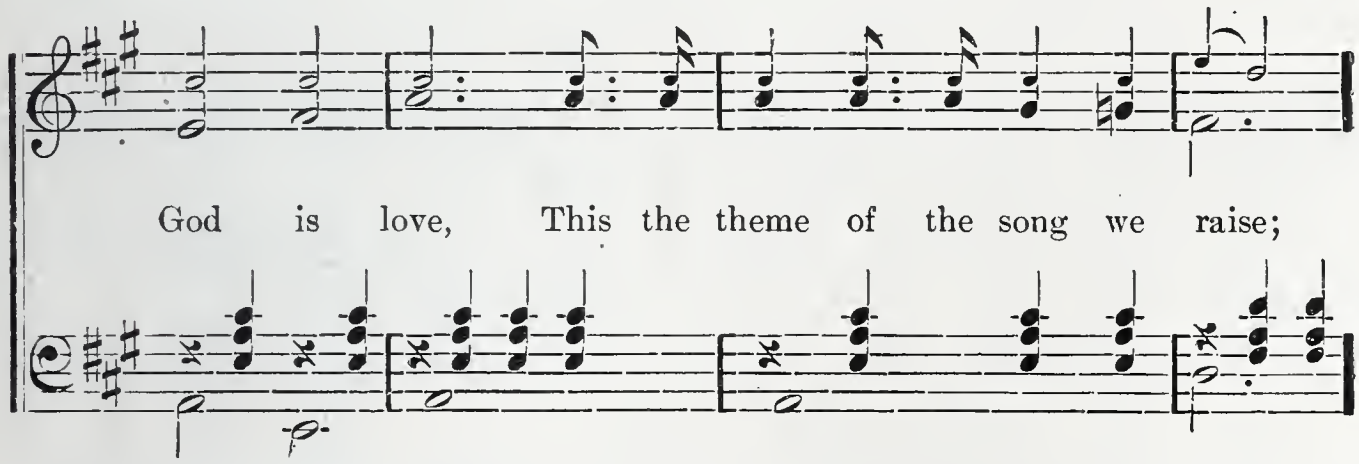
Copyright, 1908, by H. W. Porter, Baltimore, Md. Used by permission
From New Century Song Series. Published by Thomas L. Gibson, Baltimore, Md.

Lord of the Harvest.—Concluded.

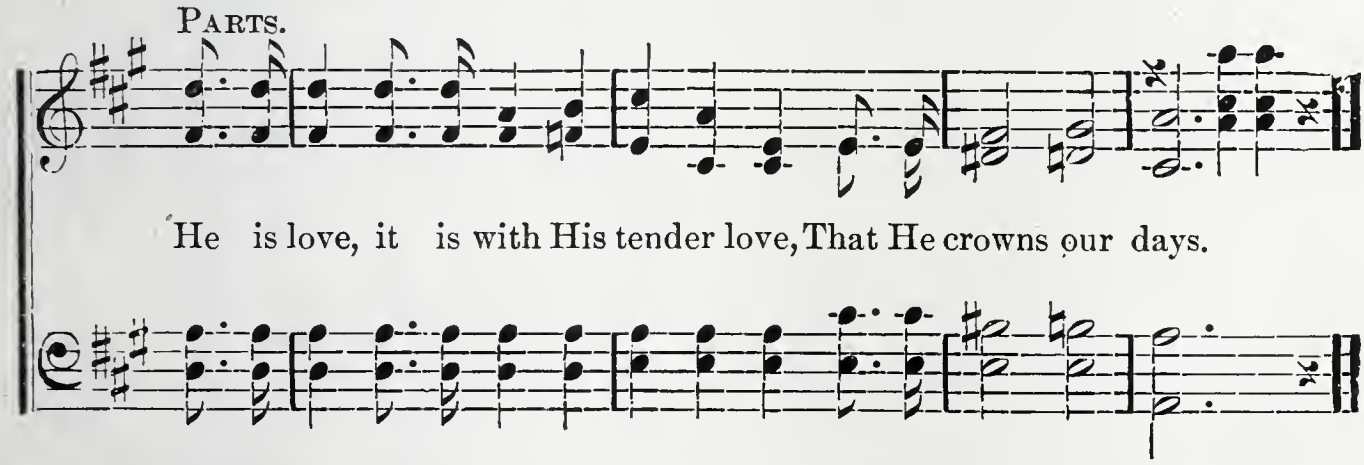
REFRAIN. *







PARTS.



* Tenor voices and a few sopranos sing small notes. All other voices sing the alto melody.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

PHILLIPS BROOKS — LEWIS H. REDNER

mf

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

cres.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad ti - dings tell;

f

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth,
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. *A - men.*

From Jones's Songs of Season. Copyright, 1909, by Mary Best Jones. Published by American Book Company.

HOLY NIGHT

MICHAEL HAYDN

pp

1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight,
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child. Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth! Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth!

From Jones's Songs of Season. Copyright, 1909, by Mary Best Jones. Published by American Book Company.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Rev. S. Baring-Gould — Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one Bod - y we,

Chorus

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! } Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

From Jones's Songs of Season, Copyright, 1909, by Mary Best Jones. Published by American Book Company.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Con espressione.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way. Dere's wha my heart is
2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wandered When I was young, Den man - y hap - py
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my

turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was playing with my broth-er,
mem-'ry rush - es. No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a - humming,

Sad - ly I roam, Still long-ing for de old plan-ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Hap-py was I; O take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
All roun' de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

REFRAIN.

All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

O dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

From "Brewer's Collection of Popular Songs" Copyright, 1901, by Orville Brewer.
Used by permission of Orville Brewer Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good-night.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco Adagio.

INTRO.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the darkies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days and the troub-le all will end, In the fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-

My Old Kentucky Home, Good-night. Concluded.

mer - ry, all hap-py, and bright; By'n - by hard times comes a-
sor-row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we

knocking at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
dark ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day!

We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y home,

For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

SWINGING 'NEATH THE APPLE TREE.

O. R. BARROWES.

1. Oh, the sports of child - hood! Roam-ing thro' the wild - wood, Run-ning o'er the mead - ows,
2. Sway-ing in the sun - beams, Float-ing in the shad - ow, Sail - ing on the breez - es,
3. Oh, the sports of child - hood! Roam-ing thro' the wild - wood, Sing - ing o'er the mead - ows,

hap - py and free; But my heart's a - beat - ing For the old time greet - ing,
hap - py and free; Chas - ing all our sad - ness, Shout-ing in our glad - ness,
hap - py and free; How my heart's a - beat - ing, Think-ing of the greet - ing,

CHORUS.

Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree. Swing - ing, swing - ing,

Swing - ing,

swing - ing, swing - ing, Lull - ing care to rest 'neath the old ap - ple tree;

swing - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree;

Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.

Swing - ing, swing - ing,

From "American Song Book." Copyright, 1905, by Orville Brewer.
Used by permission of Orville Brewer Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — H. R. BISHOP.

1 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain, Oh,

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A
feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the
looks on that moon from our own cottage door, Thro' the woodbine whose
birds sing-ing gay - ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that

world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet
fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, etc.
peace of mind dear - er than all. Home, etc.

home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

My Bonnie

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean And
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, The

Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
night as I lay on my bed;..... Last night as I lay on my
blow, ye winds, o - ver the sea;..... Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the
winds have blown o-ver the sea;..... The winds have blown o -ver the

o - cean,.... Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
pil - low,..... I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead.....
o - cean..... And bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
o - cean..... And bro't back my Bon - nie to me.....

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

From "Songs Every One Should Know"
Copyright, 1908, by Clifton Johnson. Published by American Book Company

JUANITA.

mf

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south -ern moon;
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun-tain Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor,
And day - light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent - ing,

Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der,
For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con - sent - ing

p Slower. *mf a tempo.*

Speak their fond farewell! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger

Tenderly. rit.

p

we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

From "Songs of the Nation," Copyright, 1896, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Mrs. Jordan.

Moderato.

p

1. Oh! where, and oh! where is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh!
2. Oh! where, and oh! where does your High-land lad-die dwell? Oh!
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad? What
4. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-

p

where, and oh! where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's
where, and oh! where does your High-land lad-die dwell? He
clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad? His
pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? The

cresc.

gone to fight the foe for King George up-on his throne;
dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
bon-net's Sax-on green, and his waist-coat of the plaid;
bag-pipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;

cresc.

mf

And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High-land lad.
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

mf

From Modern Music Series. Copyright 1904, by Silver Burdett & Co.

The Watch on the Rhine.

Max Schneckenberger. **Wilhelm.**

Allegro maestoso.

f

1. A peal like thun-der calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave,
2. A hundred thousand hearts beat high, The an - swer flames from ev - 'ry eye;
3. So long as blood shall warm our veins, While for the sword one hand remains,
4. The oath resounds, the wave rolls by, The ban - ners wave, advanced on high;

f

The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who now will guard the riv - er's line?
The Ger-man youth de - vot - ed stand To shield the ho - ly bor - der - land.
One arm to bear a gun, no more Shall foot of foe-man tread thy shore!
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! We all will guard the riv - er's line!

mf *f*

Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Firm stands the

mf *f*

ff

guard a - long, a - long the Rhine, Firm stands the guard along the Ger-man Rhine!

ff

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

p Slow.

1. Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary foot Sin' auld lang syne.
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till dine, But seas between us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

p CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

Repeat CHORUS *ff*

From "Songs of the Nation," Copyright, 1896, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

Tenderly.

1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan;
2. Like dew on th' gowan ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet,

And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true,
Her... face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,
And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet,

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

p

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

From "Songs of the Nation," Copyright, 1896, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

Santa Lucia.

Translated from the Italian. **Neapolitan Boat-Song.**

Moderato.

mf

1. Moon-light, so sweet and pale, From hea-ven fall-ing; Wave-lets that mur-mur low,
2. Soft winds that come and go, Cool-ness are bringing, Bear-ing on gen-tle wings
3. O joy! to lie at rest, Drift-ing and dreaming On o-cean's peace-ful breast,

Moderato.

mf

To us are call - ing. White is the sum-mer night; Sum - mer sea,
Ech - oes of sing - ing. Waits the light boat for thee, Float o'er the
'Neath moon-light gleam - ing! Bride of the sum-mer sea, Na - ples, thy

f *rall.*

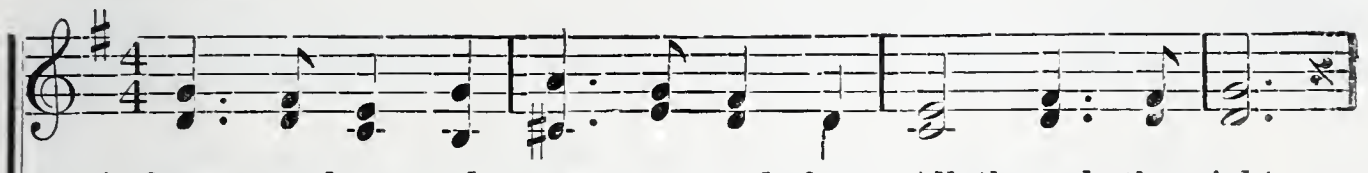
sil - ver bright. San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
waves with me. San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
child to be! San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

p *rall.*

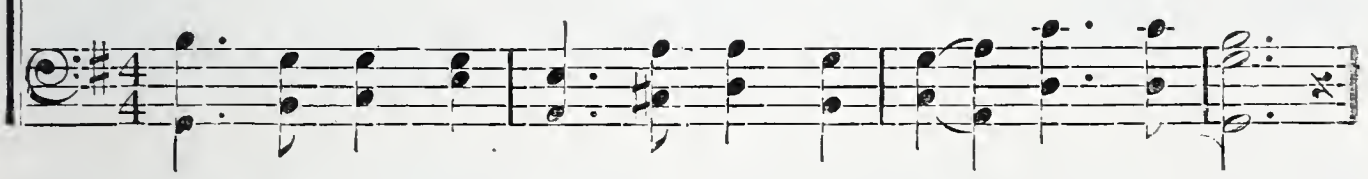
By courtesy of Silver Burdett & Co., New York.

All Through the Night.

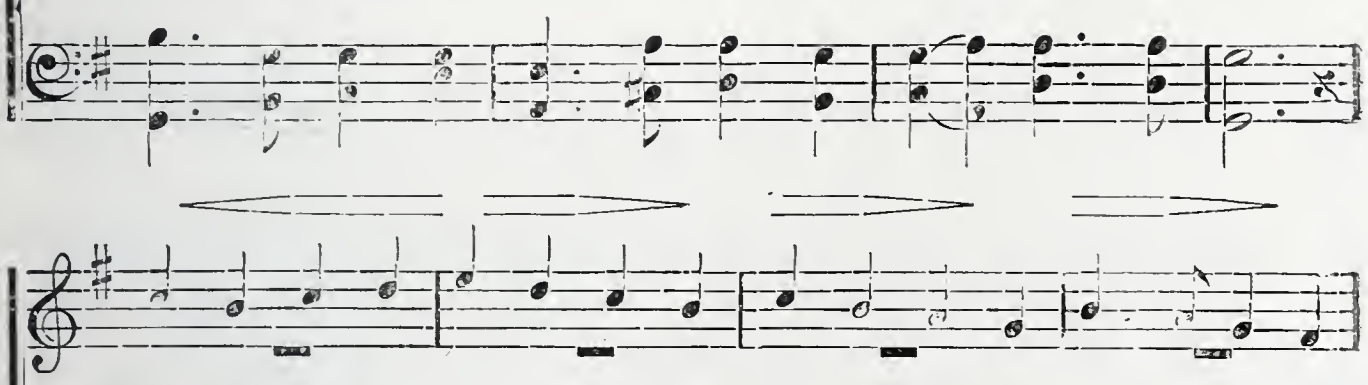
HARRY BOUTTON. Old Welsh Melody Arr. by



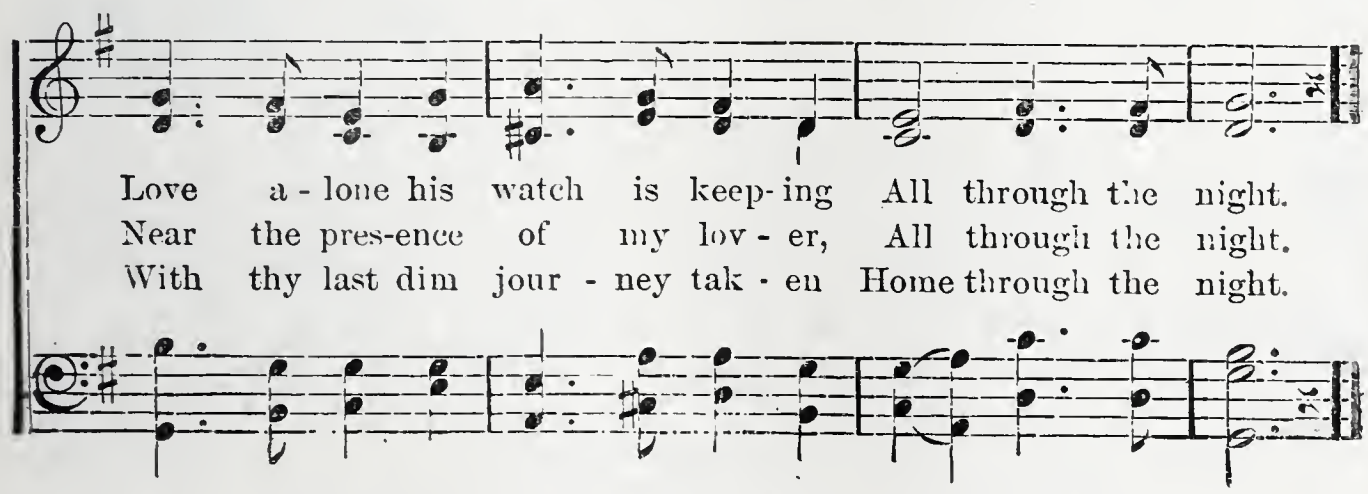
1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee, All through the night;
2. Though I roam a min - strel lone - ly All through the night;
3. Hark! a sol emn bell is ring - ing Clear through the night;



Guar - dian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All through the night.
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing Home through the night.



Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing Hill and vale in slum - ber steeping
Loves's young dream, alas! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall ho-ver,
Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en, Soul im- mor - tal thou shalt waken



Love a - lone his watch is keep- ing All through the night.
Near the pres-ence of my lov - er, All through the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en Home through the night.

From Choice Melodies, Published by Standard Co., Baltimore, Md.

Loch Lomond

1. By yon bon - nie banks and yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. I mind where we pairt - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing, an' the wild flow - ers spring, An' in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Oh we twa ha'e passed sae
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond; Where in pur - ple hue the
sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - in'; But the bro - ken heart - it

mony blithe-some days, On the bon-nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.
high land hills we view, An' the morn shines - out frae the gloam - in'.
seeks nae second spring, An' the world does na ken how we're greet-in'.*

CHORUS

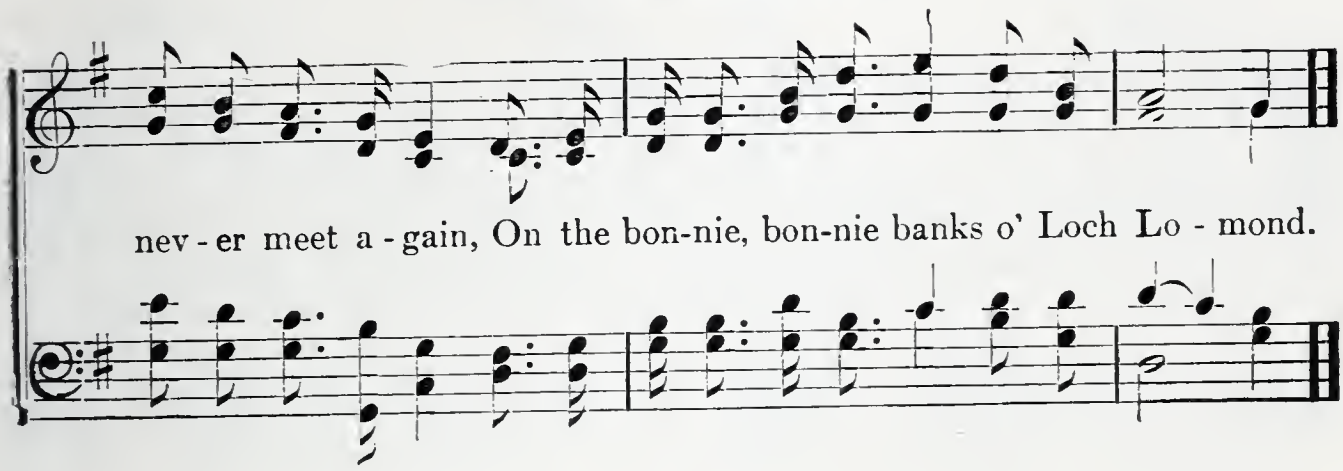
Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, An'

I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye; But oh, my true love, I'll

*Crying.

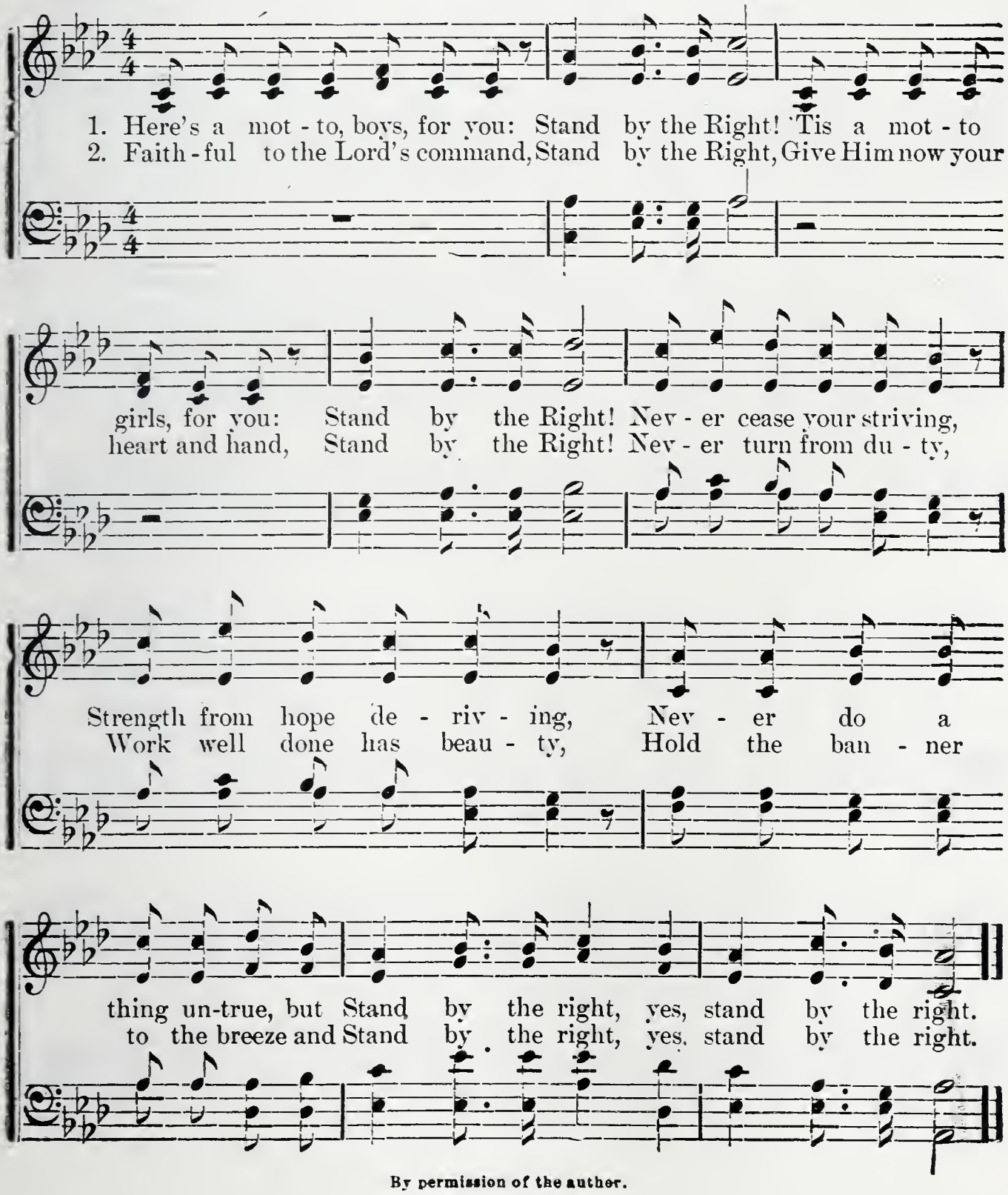
From "Songs Every One Should Know"
Copyright, 1908, by Clifton Johnson. Published by American Book Company

Loch Lomond



STAND BY THE RIGHT.

ERSLINE. WM. B. BLAKE.



By permission of the author.

Twilight is Falling.

A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD.

Andantino.

1. Twi - light is steal - ing o - ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall - ing
2. Voic - es of loved ones! songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me
3. Come in the twi - light, come, come to me! Bring-ing some message

dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds, voic - es of yore
while life shall last; Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam,
o ver the sea, Cheer-ing my path - way while here I roam,

f CHORUS.

Come from the far - off shore.
Seek - ing that far - off home.
Seek - ing that far - off home.
Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies.

Where the love-light nev - er nev - er dies, Gleameth a man - sion,

fill'd with de - light, Sweet hap - py home, so bright!

Help it On.

E. R. SILL. BY PERMISSION

With vigor.

1. There's a good time com-ing, Help it on! help it on! There's a
2. There's a fu-ture on the way, Help it on! help it on! There's a
3. When you find a no-ble cause, Help it on! help it on! When you
4. And when the right shall win, Help it on! help it on! And

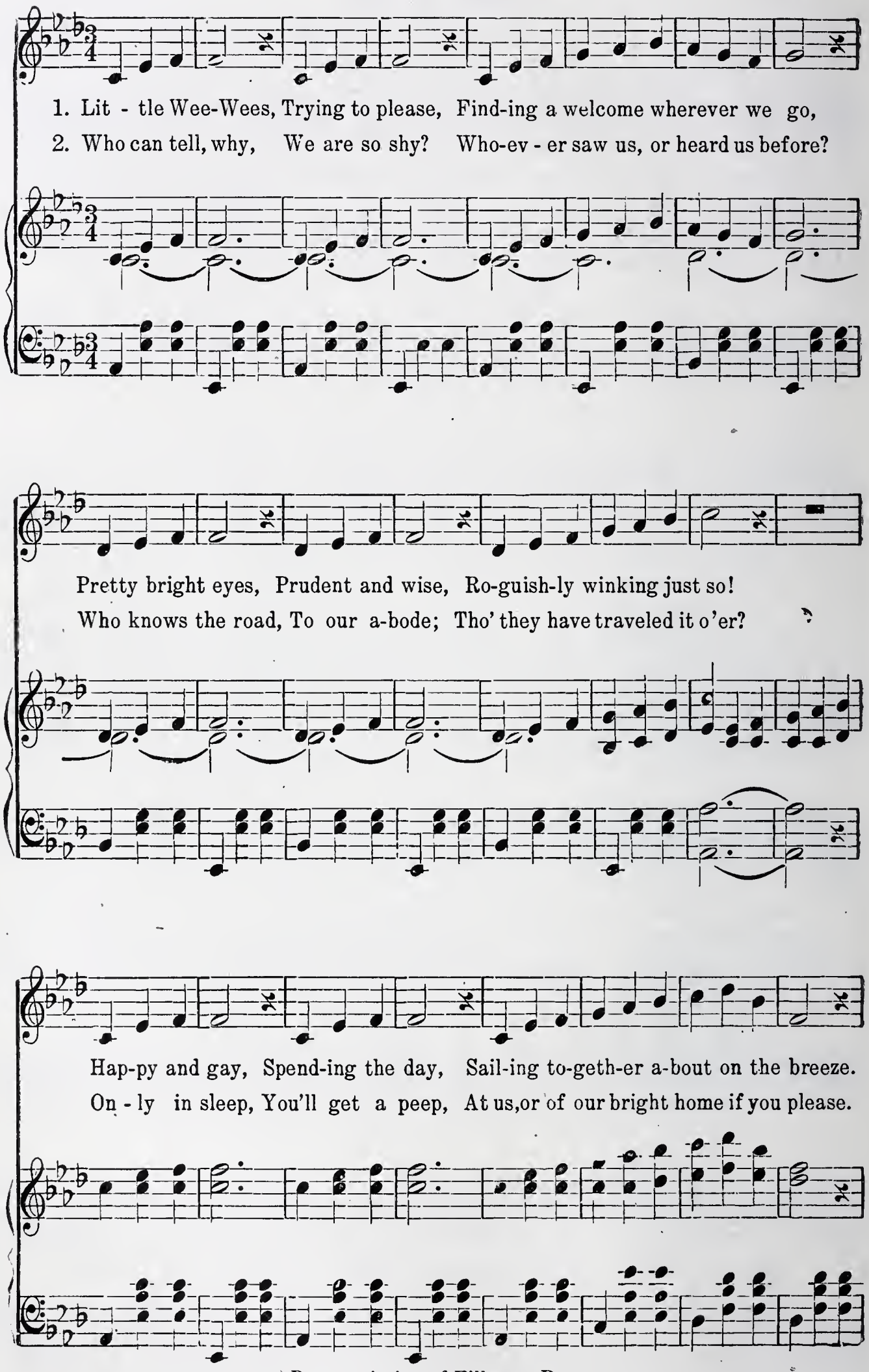
good time com ing, Help it on, help it on! Ev-'ry
fu-ture on the way, Help it on, help it on! When the
find a no-ble cause, Help it on, help it on! Nev-er
when the right shall win, Help it on, help it on! There will

heart its tune is drumming, All the air with it is humming,
night shall turn to day, For the right shall have the way,
wait for man's ap-plause, Nev-er count the cost, nor pause,
be no want nor sin, And the good time shall be-gin,

Help it on, help it on, Help it on, on, on!

Little Wee-Wees.

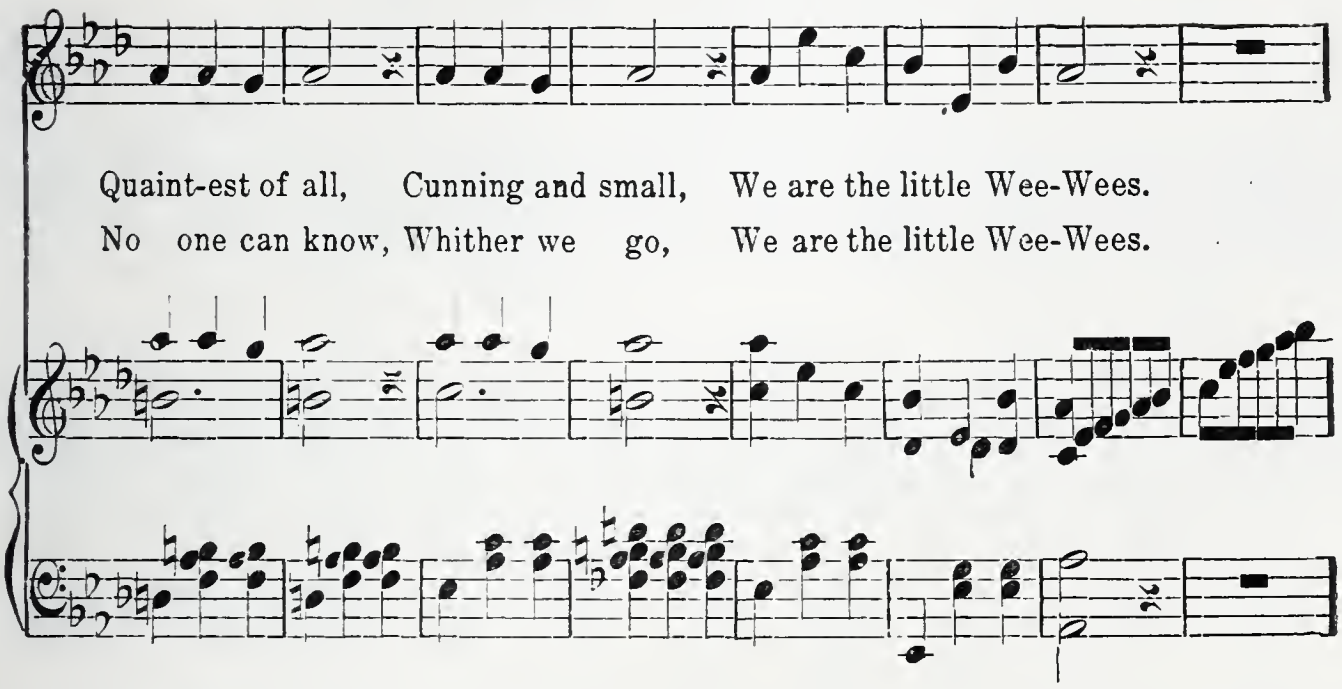
From "Brownies' Cantata," GABRIEL.



By permission of Fillmore Bros.

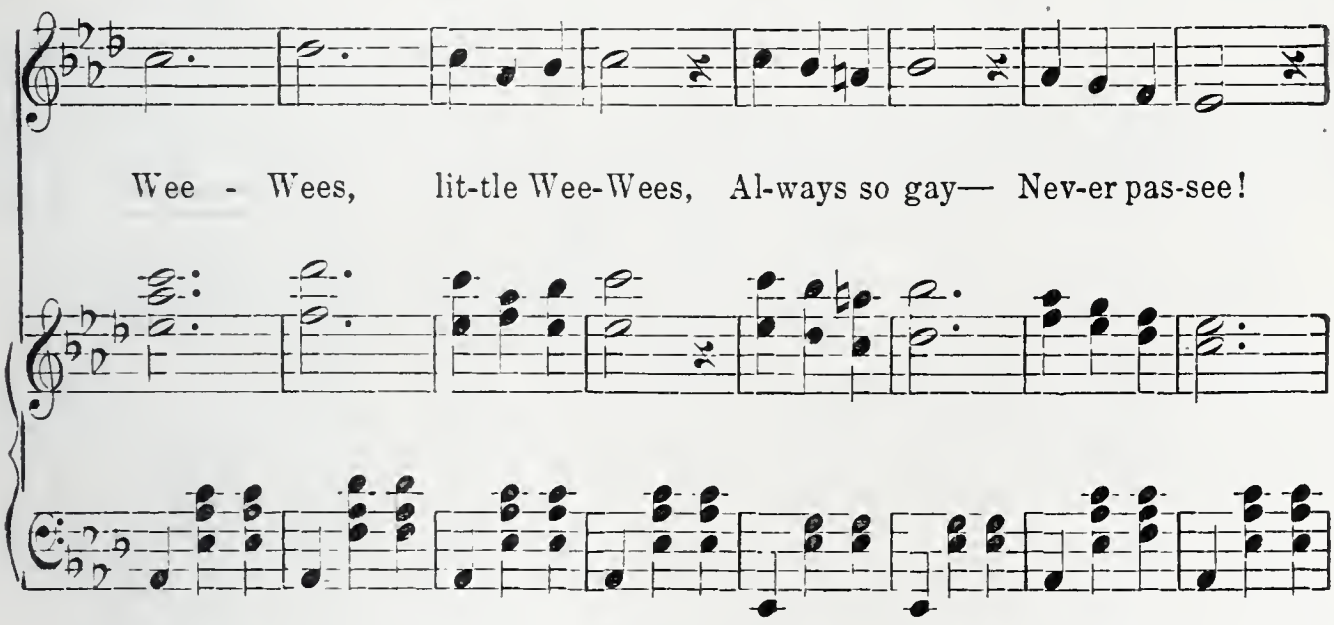
From New Century Song Series Published by Thomas L. Gibson, Baltimore, Md.

Little Wee-Wees. Concluded.

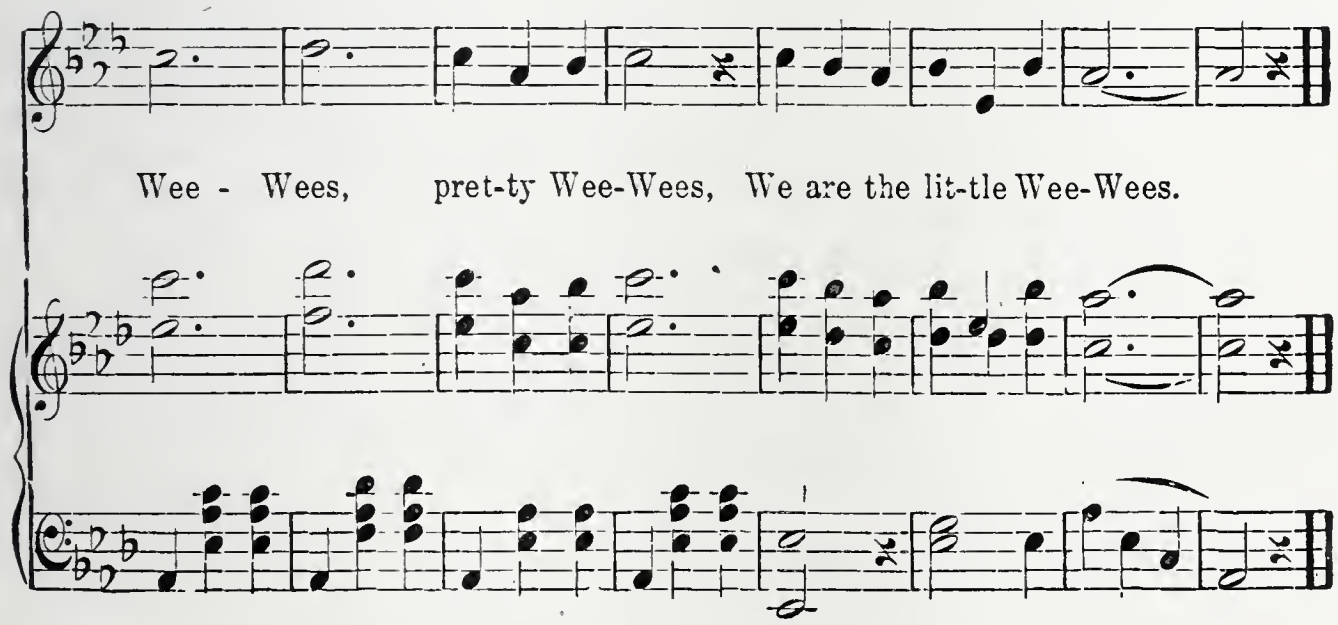


Quaint-est of all, Cunning and small, We are the little Wee-Wees.
No one can know, Whither we go, We are the little Wee-Wees.

REFRAIN.



Wee - Wees, lit-tle Wee-Wees, Al-ways so gay— Nev-er pas-see!



Wee - Wees, pret-ty Wee-Wees, We are the lit-tle Wee-Wees.

Jingle, Bells.

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh;
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young;

O'er the fields we go, Laugh - ing all the way;
soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side. The
Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh - ing song. Just

Bells on bob - tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seemed his lot; He
get a bob - tailed bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then

fun it is to ride, and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!
get in - to a drift - ed bank, And we— we got up - set.
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS.

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride

From "Choice Songs" Copyright, 1903, by Orville Brewer.
Used by permission of Orville Brewer Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Jingle, Bells—Concluded.

1 2

In a one-horse o-pen sleigh! one-horse o-pen sleigh!

NEVER SAY FAIL!

Words from "School Day Singer."

1. Keep working, 'tis wis-er than sit-ting a-side; Nev-er, oh, never say fail!
And dreaming, and sighing, and waiting the tide; Nev-er, oh, never say fail!
2. In life's ro-sy morn-ing, in manhood's fair pride, Nev-er, oh, never say fail!
Let this be your mot-to, your footsteps to guide, Nev-er, oh, never say fail!

In life's earnest battle they on-ly prevail, Who daily march onward and never say fail!
In storm and in sunshine whatever assail, Push onward, and conquer, and never say fail!

Nev-er say fail! Nev-er say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail!
Nev-er say fail! Nev-er say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail!

Rig-a-jig.

f Presto.

1. As I was walking down the street, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, A
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Said

CHORUS.

pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigho, heigho, heigh-o.
she to me, I'm a weaver's maid, Heigho, heigho, heigh-o. } Rig - a - jig - jig, and a-

way we go, a-way we go, a - way we go, Rig - a jig - jig, and a-way we go, Heigh-

o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh o, heigh-o, heigh o, heigh-o, heigh-

o, heigh-o, Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

From "Choice Songs." Copyright, 1903, by Orville Brewer.
Used by permission of Orville Brewer Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mother Goose.

Tempo di Valse.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

1. Lit - tle Bo - peep lost her sheep, Did'nt know where to find them, Leave them a - lone and they'll come home, Wag - ging their tails be - hind them. O - ver the hills com - ing back home, Lit - tle Bo - peep to glad - den. Out in the hills hear them
2. Jack and Jill went up the hill, To bring a pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tumb - ling aft - er. The pail they filled, the wa - ter spilled, Jack and Jill to - geth - er, Rolled down the hill did
3. Rock - a - by babe, on the tree- top, Moth - er is watch - ing near,..... When the wind blows, cra - dle will rock, Cra - dle and babe so dear;..... When the bough breaks, cra - dle will fall, Ba - by and cra - dle, all..... Moth - er is wait - ing to

From "Song Classics," published 1914, by Thomas L. Gibson, Baltimore, Md.
Used by Permission

Dear Mother Goose.—Continued.

bleat - ing,..... The sheep they'll come back home.....
Jack and Jill, The wa - ter they did spill. .....
catch you,..... Strong arms and heart that's true. .....

CHORUS.

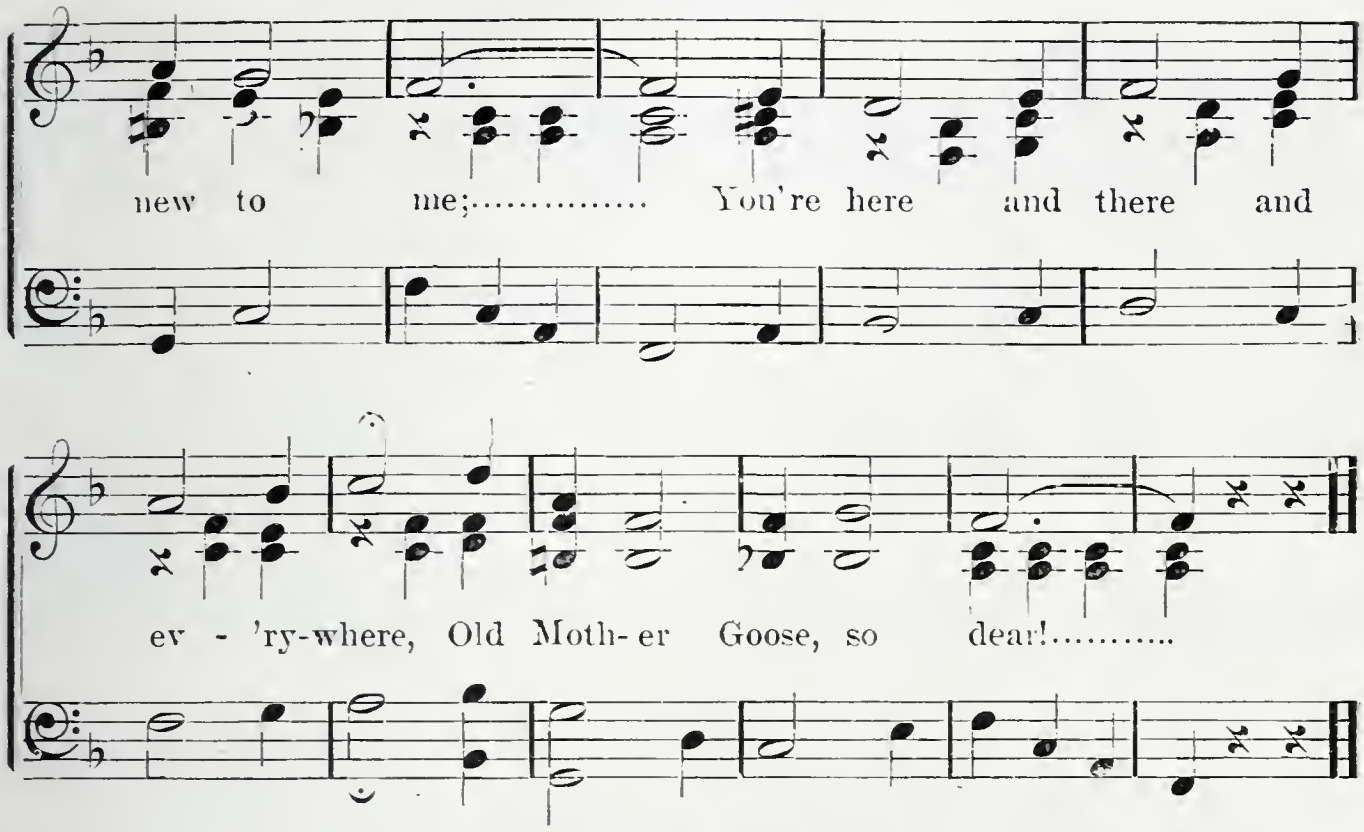
Dear Moth - er Goose, in all your rhymes You tell me

some- thing true;..... Your songs though old are al - ways

new, How dear - ly I love you!..... Come,

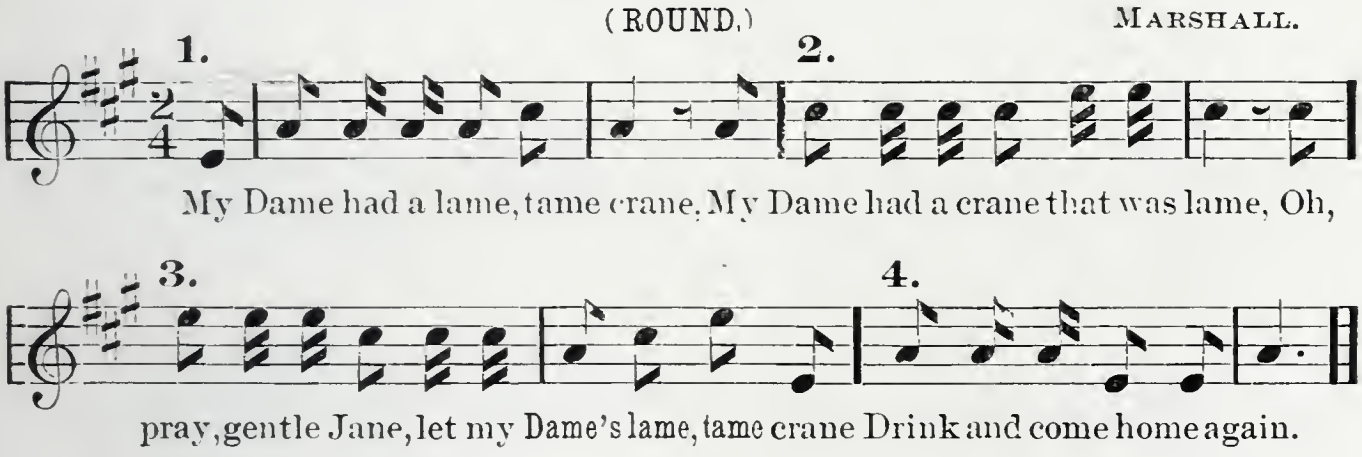
bring to me these sto - ries old, They're al - ways

Dear Mother Goose.—Concluded.



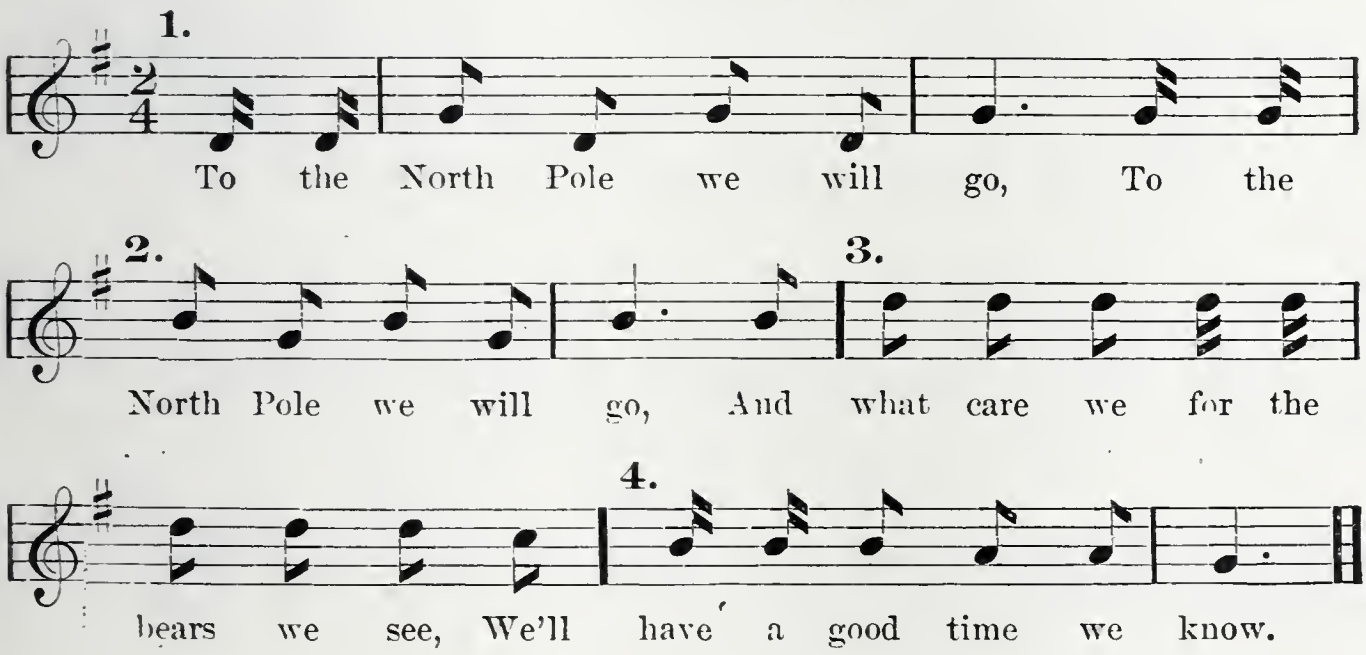
The Lame Crane.

(ROUND.) MARSHALL.



To the North Pole.

(ROUND.)



The Argument

REBECCA B. FORESMAN HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Andante con moto

p

1, What Ka - ty did or did not do, In - deed I do not
2. One side is wrong, the oth - er right—Of this you may be

p

mf molto rit.

know, do you? But ev'r - y cloud-y night or clear, This end - less ar - gu -
cer-tain quite; But which is right or which is wrong, I can not tell you

mf molto rit.

Allegro

p REFRAIN *f* *mp*

ment I hear: Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty
in this song.

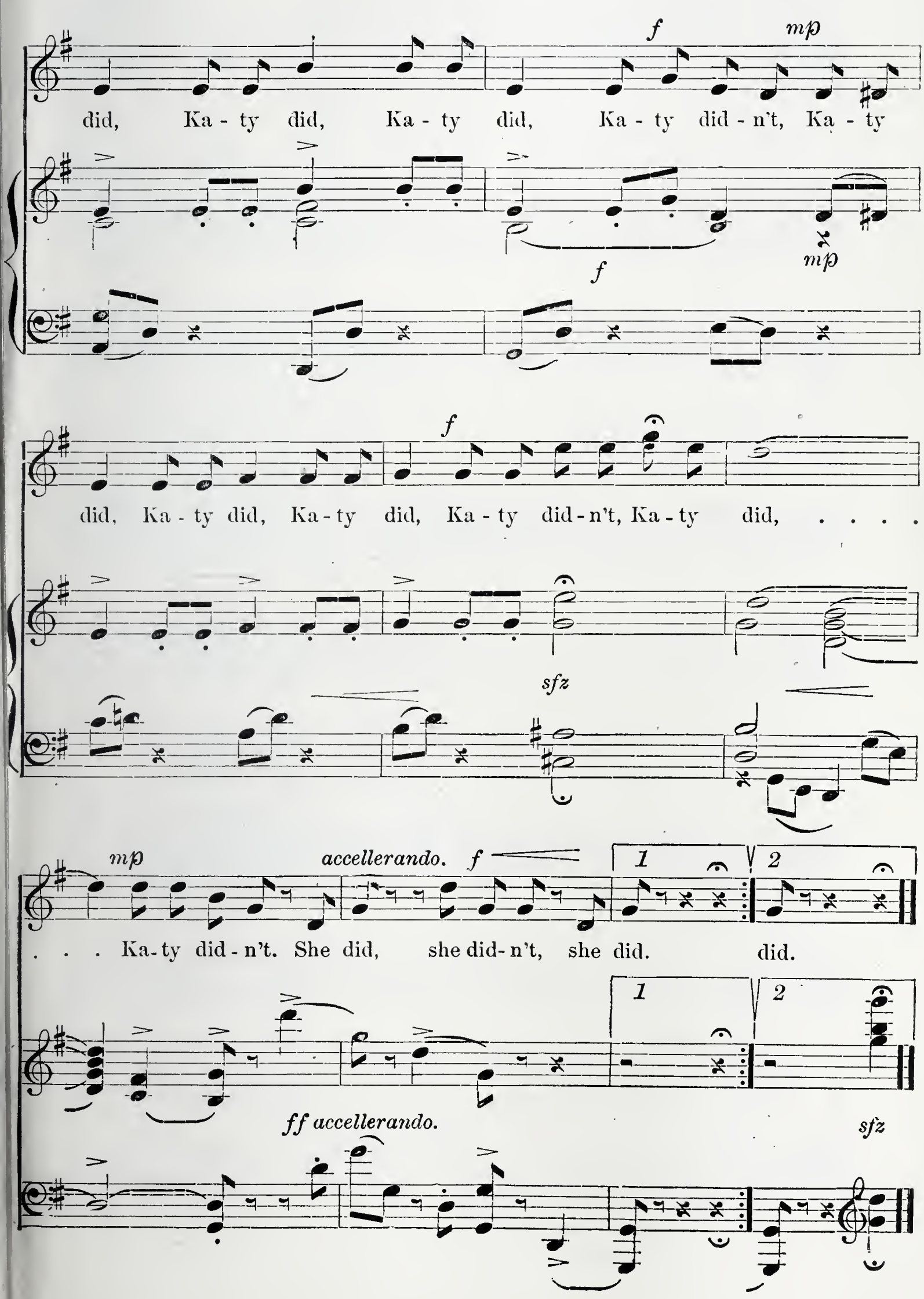
Allegro *mp*

p *f*

Use pedal carefully

From "Eleanor Smith Music Course, Book One". Copyright 1911, by Eleanor Smith. Used by permission of American Book Company, publishers

The Argument



Tell Me Dear Robin.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. WM. J. POST.

1. Sing lit - tle rob - in up so high, Sing to me
2. Out in this world so bright and fair, Full of its
3. My - ri - ad voic - es float a - round, Sure - ly some

while you swing, Sure - ly some won- drous
light and cheer, Ma - ny a puz - zle
tale they tell, Sing and explain what

things you see, Float - ing on air - y wing.
meets our eyes, You might perhaps make clear.
seems so queer, Rob - in you know it well.

rit.

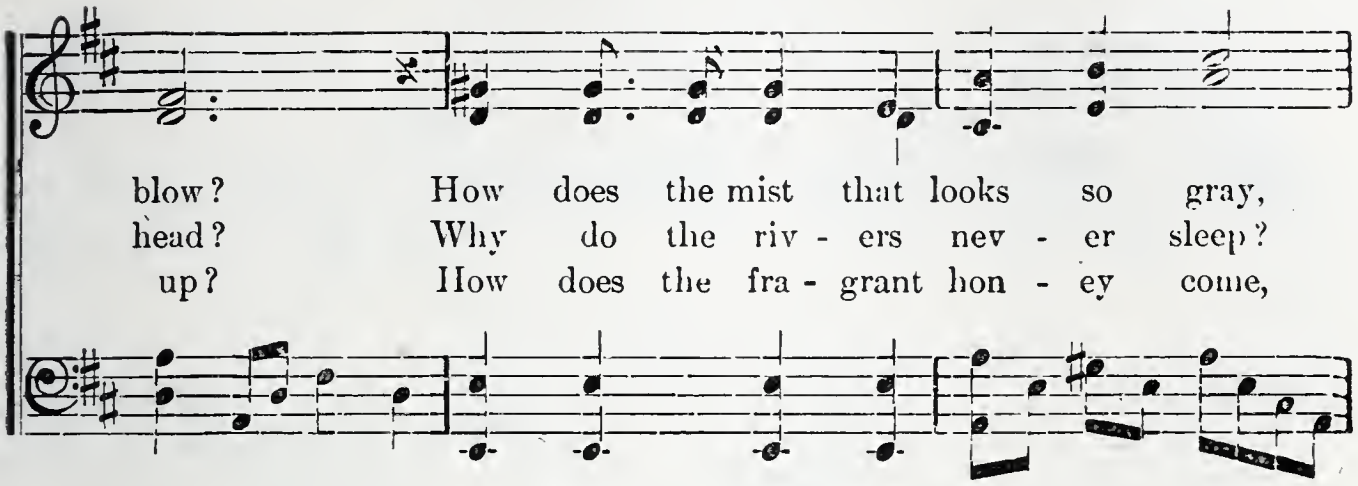
REFRAIN.

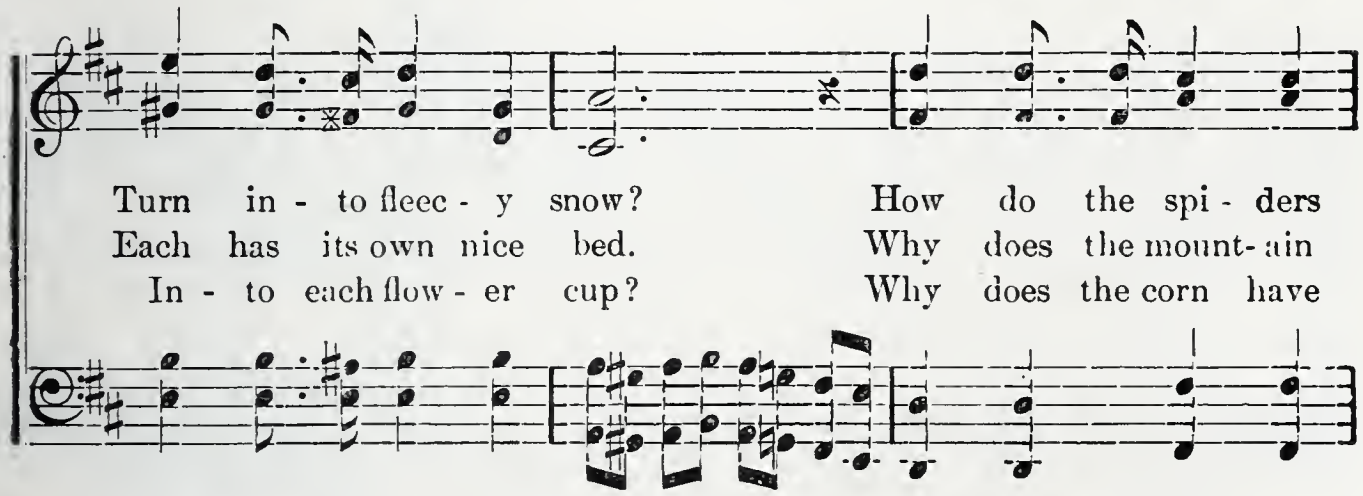
Tell me dear rob - in, tell me pray, What does the North wind
Tell me dear rob - in, tell me pray, Where is the fount- ain's
Why do the lit - tle stream - lets run? Why does the grass spring

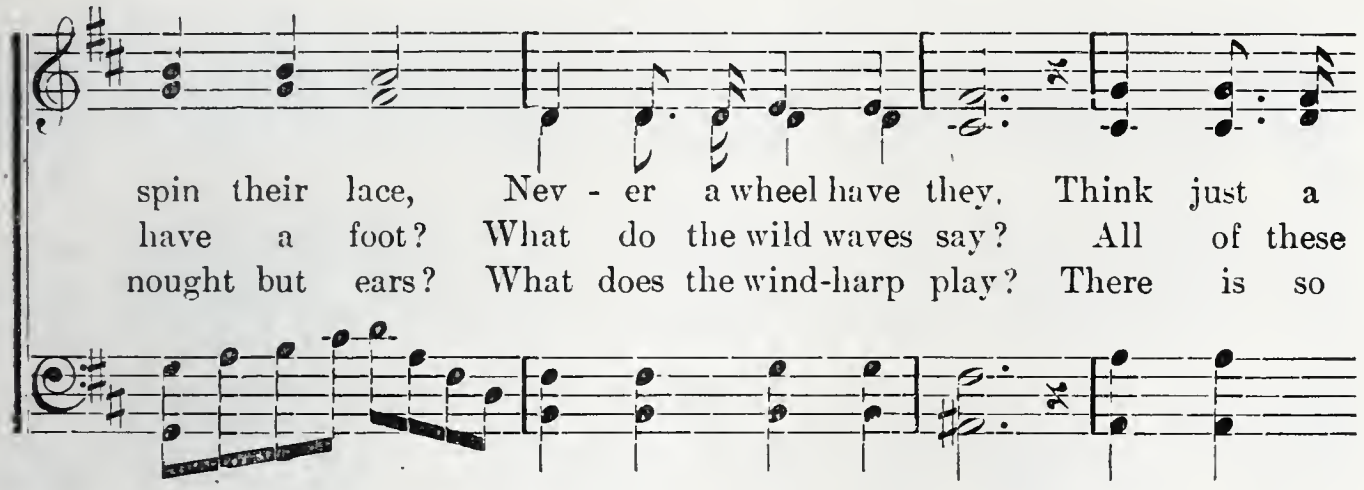
Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Post. Used by permission.

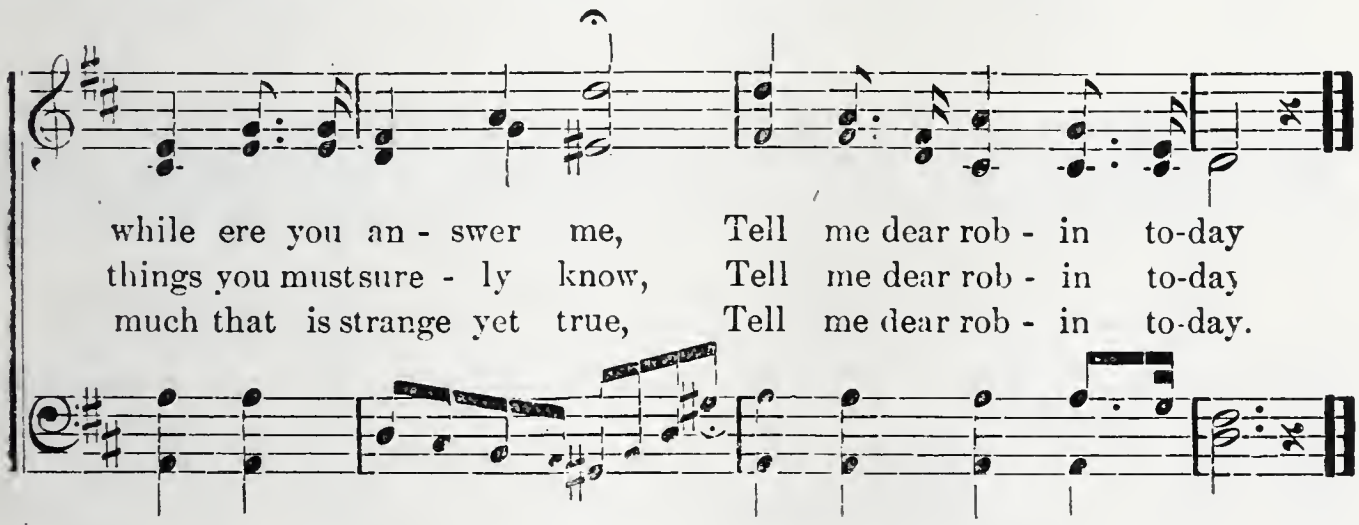
From "Choice Melodies," by Standard Company, Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

Tell Me Dear Robin.—Concluded.









Robert of Lincoln.

W. C. Bryant. S. B. Stambaugh.

Instrument.

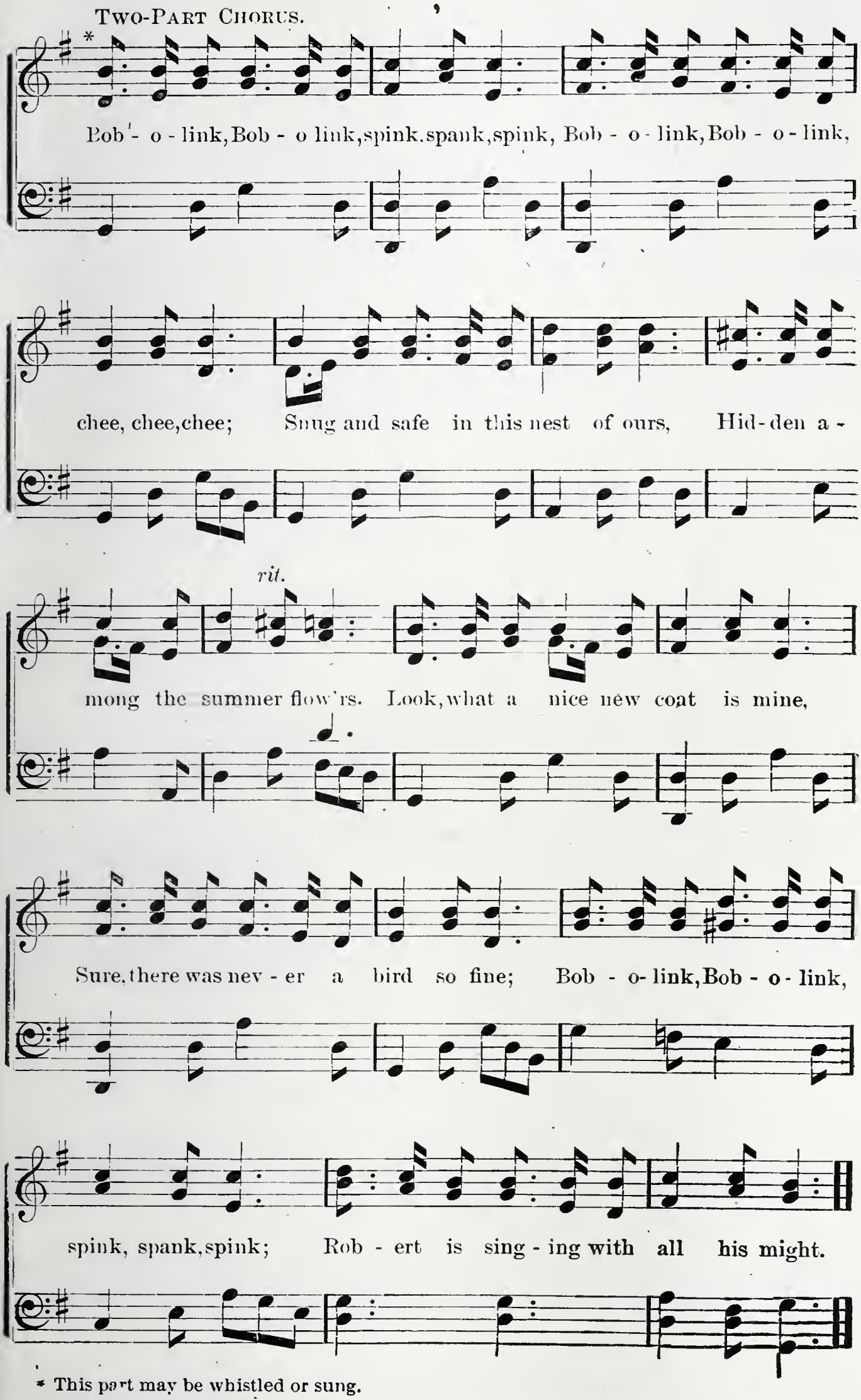
rit.

1. Mer - ri - ly sing - ing on briar and weed, Near to the nest of his lit - tle dame, O - ver the mount - ain side or meed Rob - ert of Lin - coln is tell - ing his name:
2. Rob - ert of Lin - coln is gai - ly dress'd, Wear - ing a bright, black wed - ding coat, White are his shoul-ders and white his crest, Hear him call in his mer - ry note.
3. Six white eggs on a bed of hay, Fleck'k with pur - ple a pret - ty sight, There as the moth - er sits all day, Rob - ert is sing - ing with all his might:

From "Song Classics" published 1914, by Thomas L. Gibson, Baltimore, Md.
Used by Permission

Robert of Lincoln.—Concluded.

TWO-PART CHORUS.



* This part may be whistled or sung.

BIRD SONG

LAURA E. RICHARDS — GERTRUDE MADEIRA SMITH

Allegretto

1. The rob - in sings of wil - low buds, Of snow-flakes on the green; The blue - bird sings of May - flow'rs, The crack - ling leaves be - tween; The veer - y has a
2. The pe-wee calls his lit - tle mate, Sweet Phœ-be gone a - stray; The war - bler sings "What fun, what fun To tilt up - on the spray!" The cuck - oo has no
3. The gros-beak sings the rose's birth, And paints her on his breast; The spar - row sings of speckled eggs, Soft brood - ed in the nest; The wood-thrush sings of

mf

From "Eleanor Smith Music Primer". Copyright, 1911, by Eleanor Smith. Used by permission of American Book Company, publishers.

Bird Song---Concluded

thou - sand tales to tell to girl and boy, But the
song, but clucks Like an - y wood - en toy, But the
peace, sweet peace, Sweet peace with - out al - loy, But the

o - ri - ole, the o - ri - ole sings joy, joy, joy.
o - ri - ole, the o - ri - ole sings joy, joy, joy.
o - ri - ole, the o - ri - ole sings joy, joy, joy.

THE KING OF FRANCE.

f Allegretto moderato. With decision. *ff* *pp*

The King of France, and four thousand men, Drew their swords, and put them up again.

f *ff* *pp*

A Boy's Song

JAMES HOGG

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Gaily

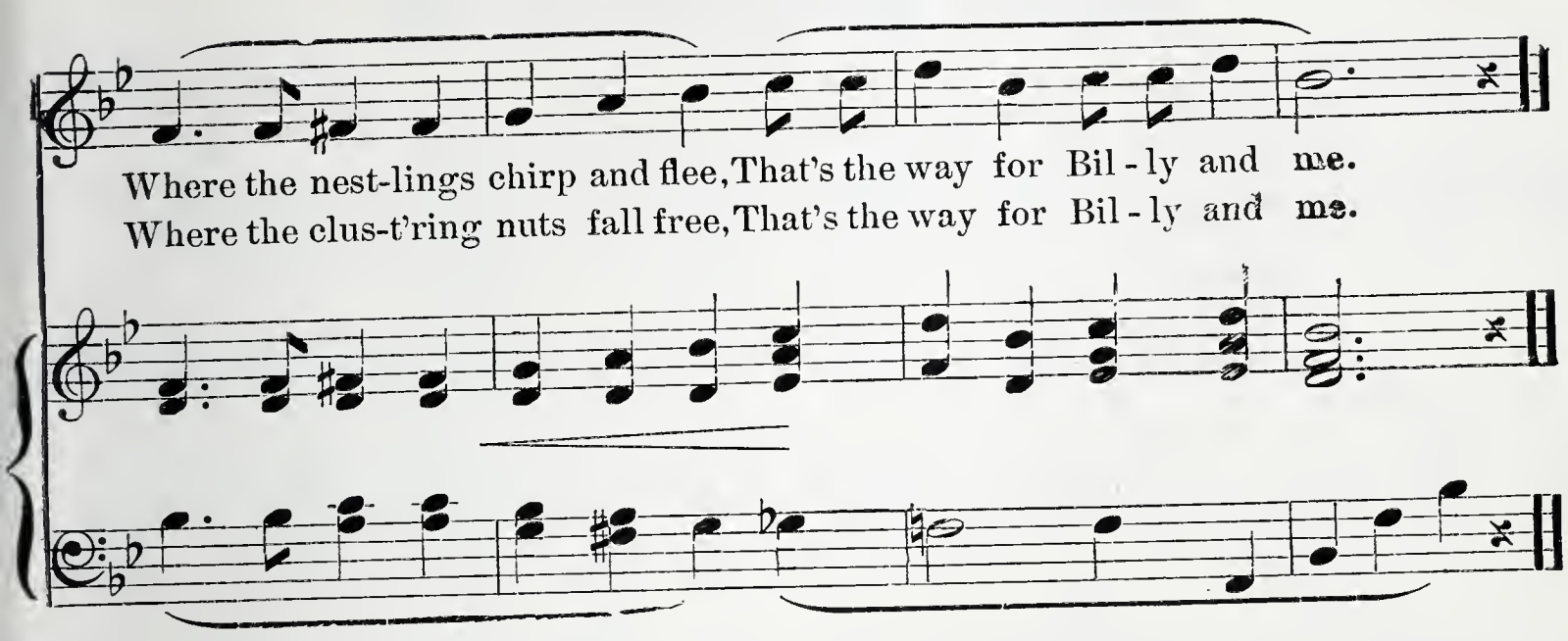
1. Where the pools are bright and deep, Where the gray trout lies a-sleep,
2. This I know, I love to play, Thro' the meadow a-mong the hay;

Up the riv-er and o-ver the lea, That's the way for Bil-ly and me. Where the black-bird sings the latest, Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Up the wa-ter and o-ver the lea, That's the way for Bil-ly and me. Where the ha-zel bank is steepest, Where the shadow falls the deepest,

p

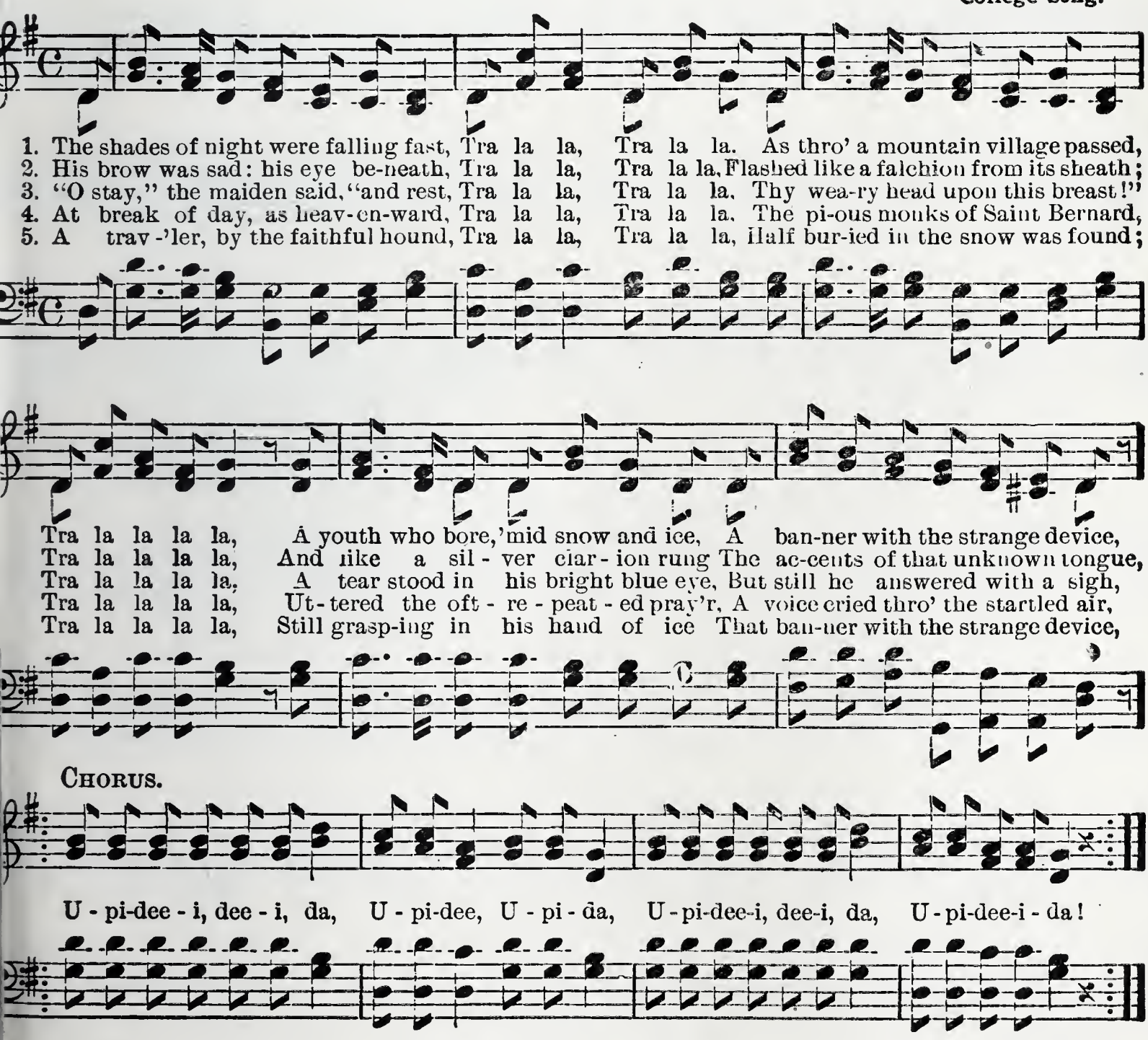
From "Eleanor Smith Music Course, Book Two". Copyright, 1908, by Eleanor Smith. Used by permission of American Book Company, Publishers.

A Boy's Song



UPIDEE.

College Song.



THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

Anonymous — George F. Root

Solo, or Semi-Chorus (Tenor or Soprano)

p

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky.
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re - flects a gold - en light On the dis-tant moun-tain stream.
3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's breast, As the pen-sive beau-ties die.

pp

S. & A1

M (humming) . . . . . .

T. (A2)* & B.

pp

Andante

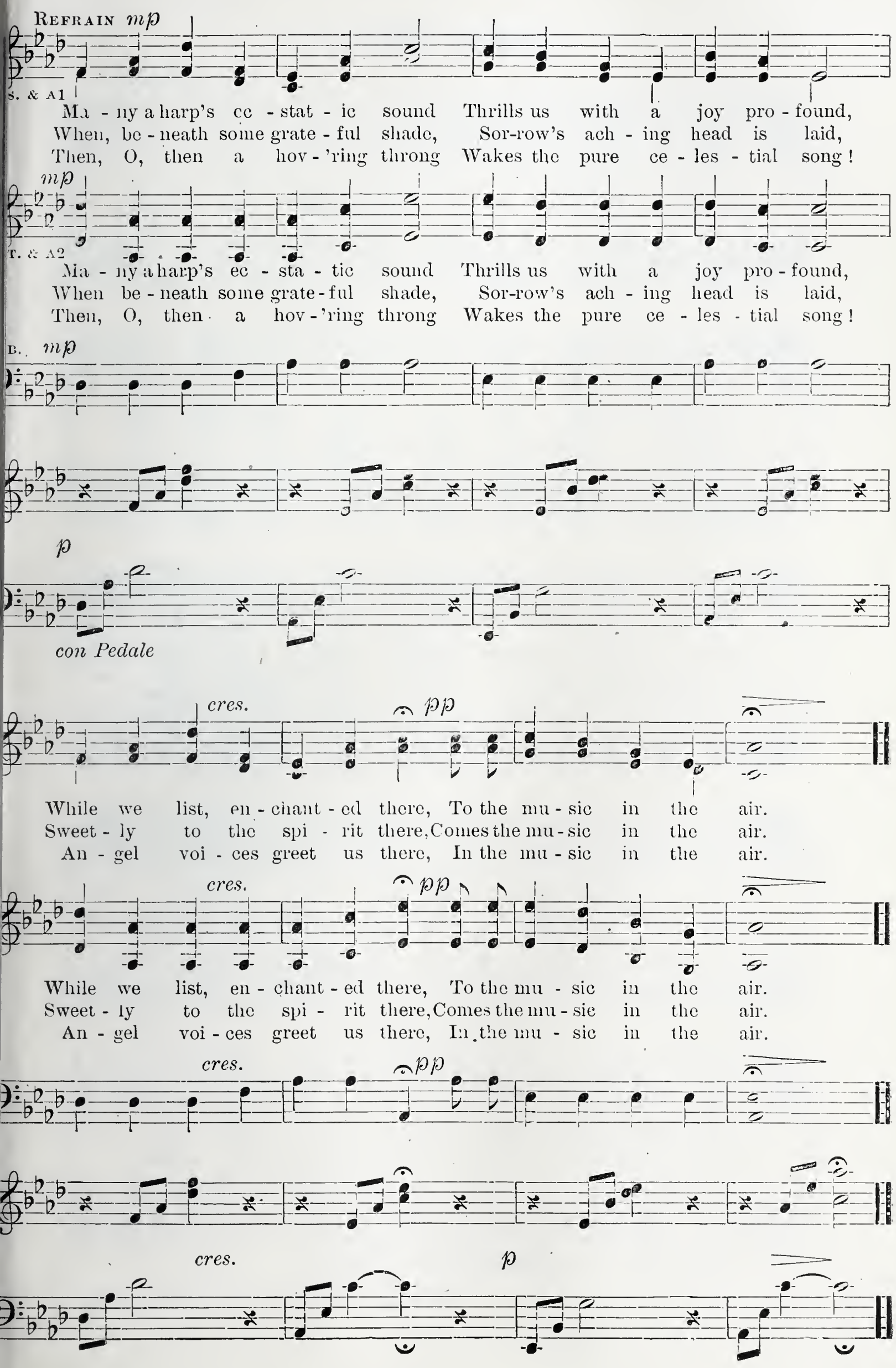
p

(The piano accompaniment may be omitted)

* Observe that, for part of this number, the Tenor-Alto 2 part is written on the bass clef. Also, see the note concerning humming accompaniment at the beginning of page 10.

Copyright, 1904, by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR



Sunset Peace.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Soft - ly the gold is fad - ing Out of the sun - set skies; Soft - ly the stars are peep - ing, Shin - ing like an - gel eyes; Soft - ly the flow'r - heads bend - ing, Sleep by the dust - y way; Soft - ly the night-winds are breath - ing, Peace to the dy - ing day.

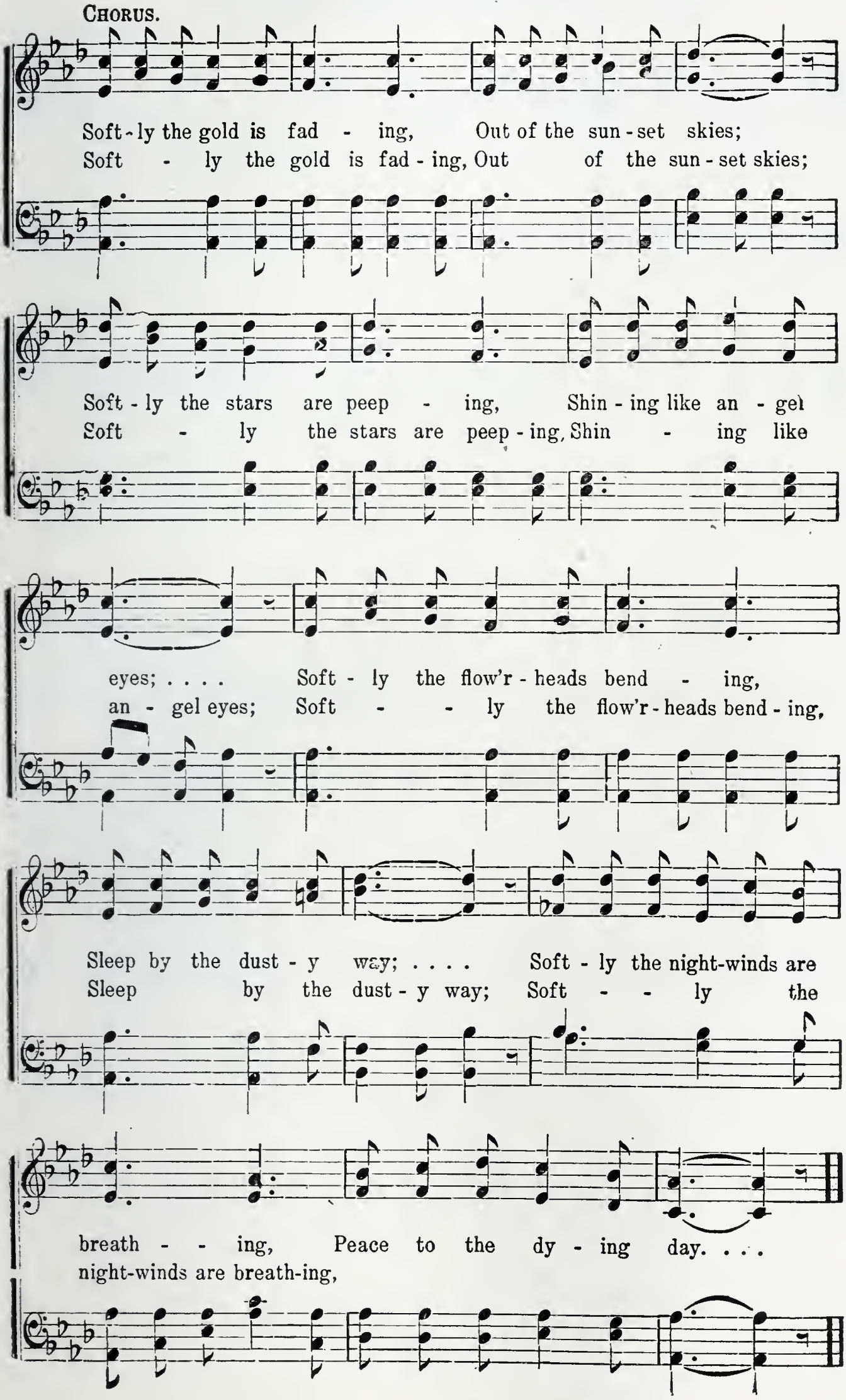
2. Sweet is the peace of e - ven, Sweet to the wea - ry one; Sweet is the twi - light steal - ing, Af - ter the day is done; Come with thy ten - der heal - ing, Come with thy sweet re - lease, Come to the hearts that need thee, Wel - come, oh, sun - set peace.

Copyright, 1903, by T. L. Gibson.

From New Century Song Series
Published by Thomas L. Gibson, Baltimore, Md.

Sunset Peace. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Hear the Rain-drops Falling.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hear the tap, tap, tap-ping of the rain - drops dropping On the win - dow ask-ing, "Let us in?" And I know these showers are the lov - ers of the flow-ers, In the vale where you and I have been.
2. Hear the tap, tap, tap-ping of the rain - drops dropping On the roof when all is hushed to rest; It is mu - sic sweetest, most con- sol - ing, and com-plet-est—Like the love and friendship we hold best.

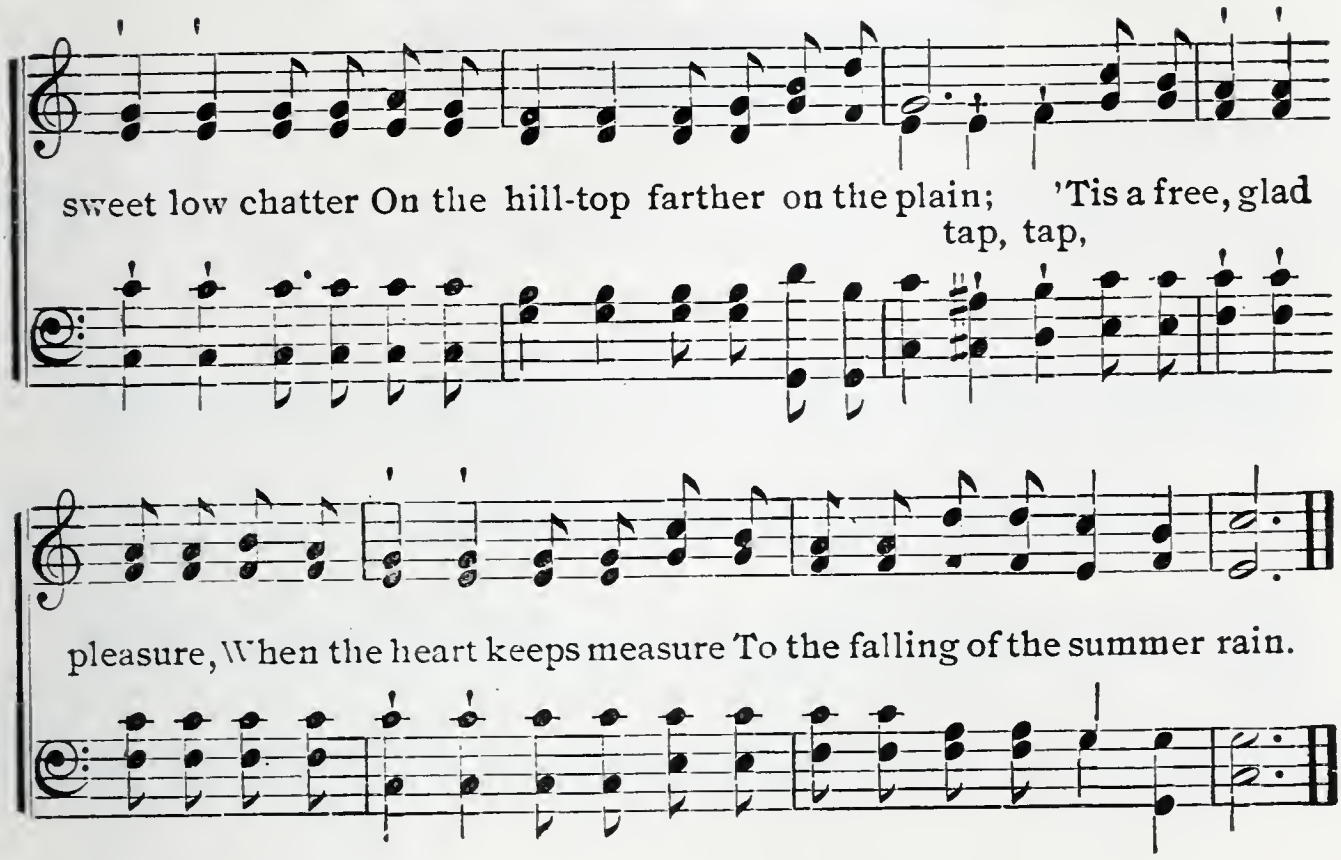
And I know these showers are the lov-ers of the bow-ers. In the vale where you and I have been. With a soft, soft pat - ter, And a
It is mu - sic sweetest, most con-sol-ing and com-plet-est, Like the love and friendship we hold best.

CHORUS.

Copyright, MCMIV, by Hope Pub. Co.

From "American School Songs". Used by permission of Hope Publishing Company, Chicago.

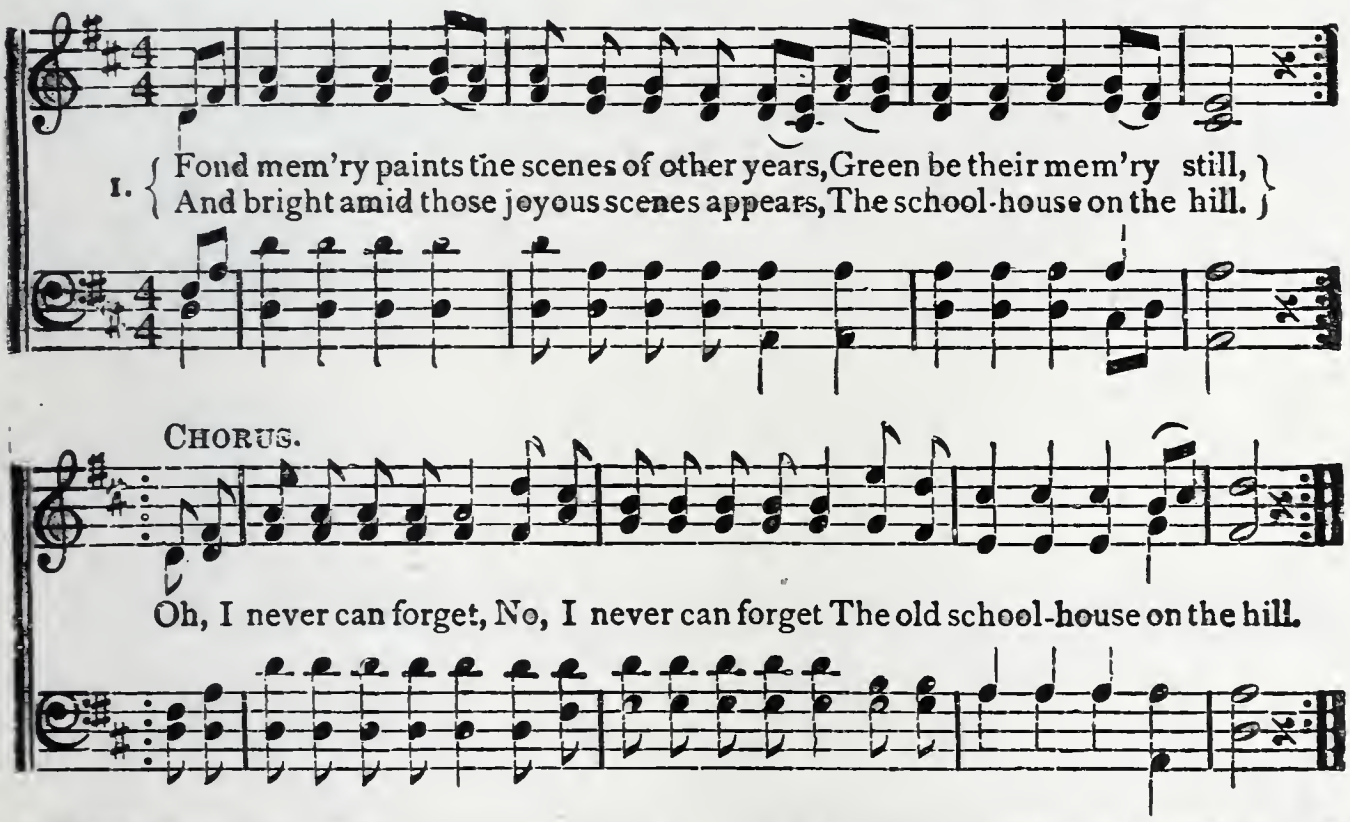
Hear the Rain-drops Falling.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL.

A. S. Kieffer.

German.
From "The School Song Book."



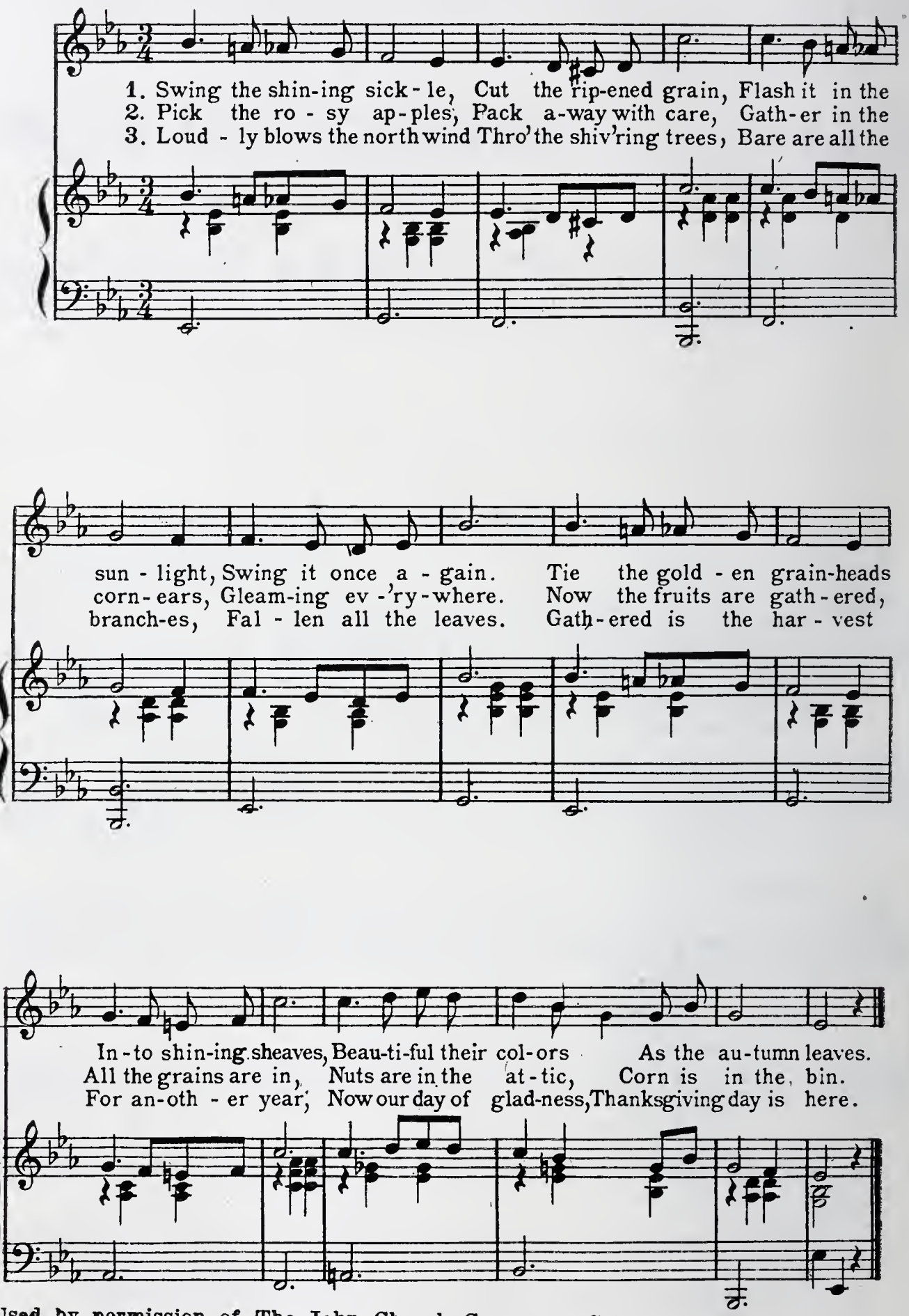
2 There hangs the swing upon the maple tree,
Where you and I once swung;
There flows the spring, forever flowing free,
As when we both were young.—CHO.

3 There climb the vines, and there the berries grow
Which once we prized so high;
And there the ripe nuts glisten in the glow
Of rich October's sky.—CHO.

Thanksgiving Song.

Used by permission
"Songs of the Child World."-John Church Co.

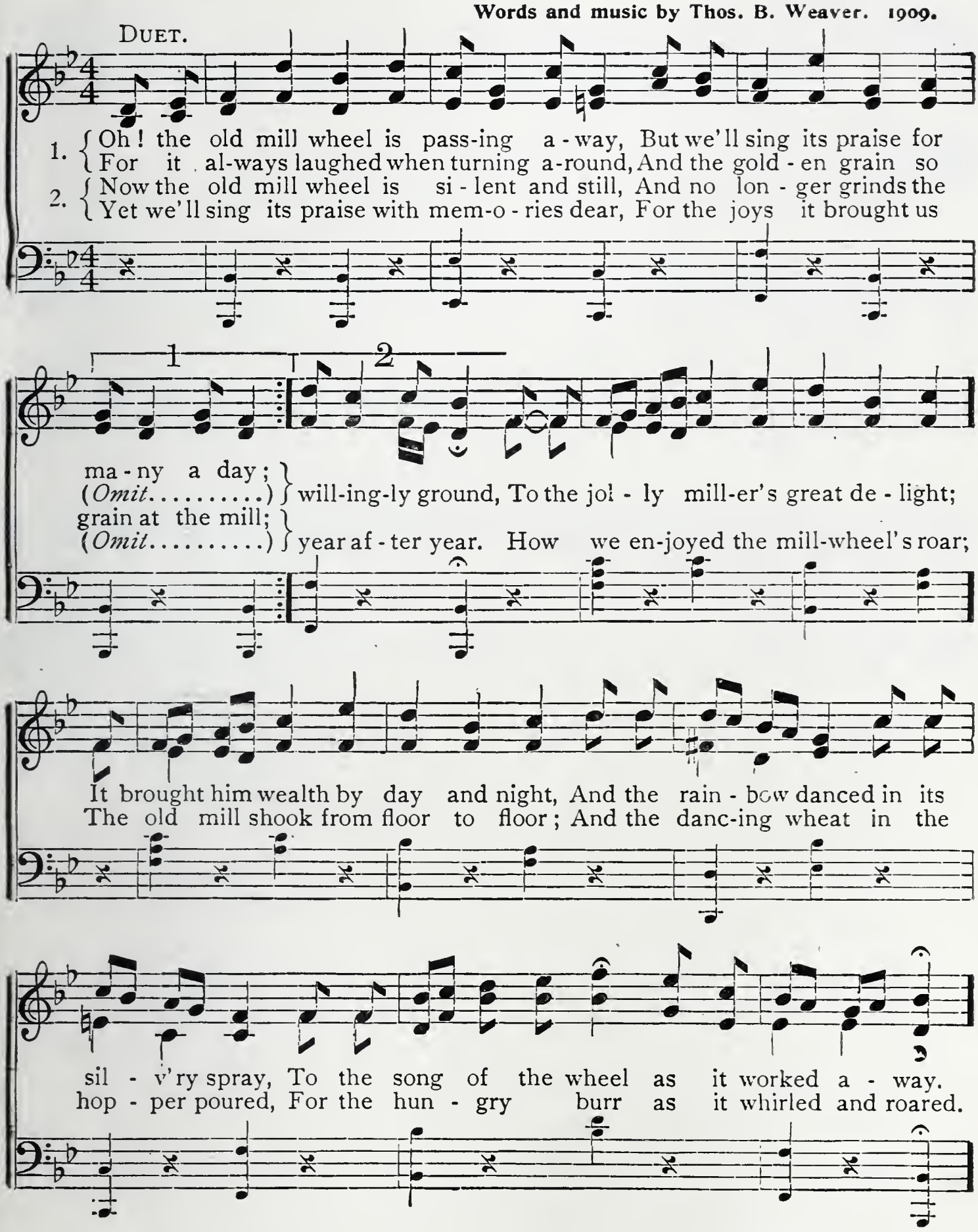
ALICE C. D. RILEY. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



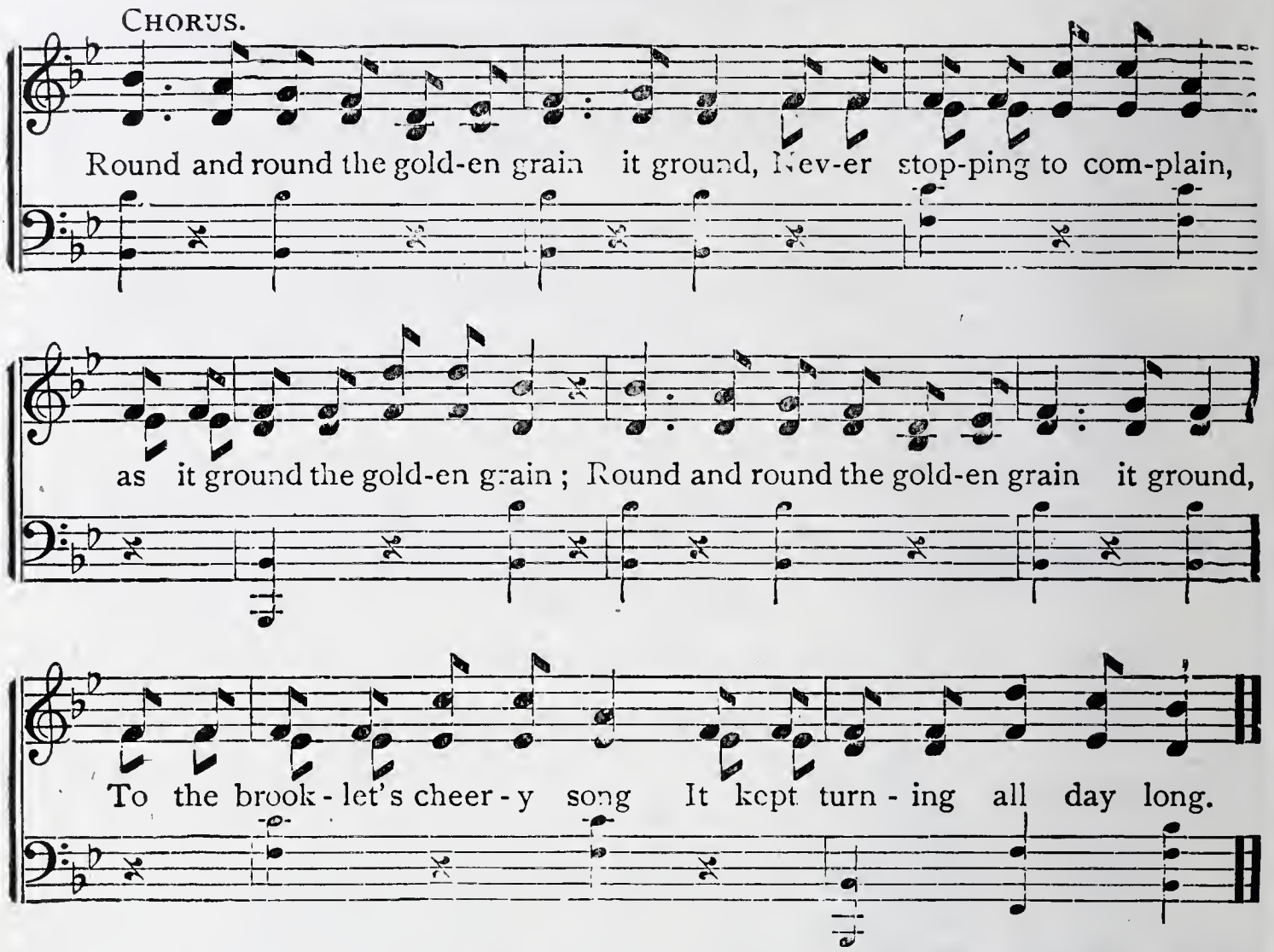
Used by permission of The John Church Company. Copyright, 1897.

The Old Mill Wheel.

Words and music by Thos. B. Weaver. 1909.



The Old Mill Wheel---Concluded



From NORMAL INSTRUCTOR. By permission. Copyright, 1909, by F. A. Owen Publishing Co.

SCRIPTURE READING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

It is quite safe to depend upon the judgment of the county superintendents and instructors as to the proper use of the scripture readings in the institutes; for the institute is made up of mature persons from many localities, and for that reason its actions are not subject to the scrutiny of any particular neighborhood. On the other hand, questions regarding the legality and wisdom of using scripture readings in the public schools are often raised; therefore it seems proper to offer a few suggestions on that subject in this book which is so widely used by public school teachers.

Teachers should not seek for law to cover all of their actions, as good sound judgment in any particular case generally serves a higher purpose than does the technical statement of the law. Paul knew very well that no particular harm could come to him by eating meat, but he had the good sense to refrain from doing so if such action would cause others to stumble. If certain schools are made up of patrons whose traditions and feelings would be injured by the reading of the scriptures, the teacher should refrain from this exercise until public opinion in that community changes or until the teacher feels sure that the good influences coming from such an exercise would outweigh the bad influences resulting from bad feelings and dissensions. Teachers should studiously refrain from explanations or interpretations of the scriptures which might be construed as in the least degree sectarian. Communities that object to a reverent reading of masterpieces from the Bible are rare.

I do not believe that teachers having all grades of pupils under their charge can do justice to such subjects as literature, history, and geography, without reference to topics treated in the Bible. This book of books contains a storehouse of stories for children, poetry, oratory, dramas, and logic, which should not be overlooked by teachers of the young. The details which it gives in regard to the manners, customs and history should be used to enrich many subjects found in the school curriculum; but as hinted above, this book should be used in a way that will neither offend those who have scruples against parts of its statements nor mar the sacredness attached to it by the masses.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.

A Song of Praise and Thanksgiving.

Psalm 98.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Wisdom.

Proverbs 8: 1-19.

Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice?

She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors:

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

Hear: for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.

For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them.

They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold.

For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

I, wisdom, dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate.

Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength.

By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.

By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver.

The Wise Men.

St. Matthew 2: 1-11.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently

for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

The Parable of the Talents.

St. Matthew 25: 14-30.

For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time, the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee, that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed;

And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed:

Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The Parable of the Labourers.

St. Matthew 20: 1-16.

For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.

And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market place.

And said unto them; Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way.

Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand he here all the day idle?

They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

And when they had received it, they murmured against the goodman of the house,

Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?

Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?

So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen.

Paul Speaking to the Men of Athens.

Acts 17: 22-34.

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us:

For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.

Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent:

Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter.

So Paul departed from among them.

Howbeit certain men clave unto him and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

Virtues and Vices.

Proverbs 22.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life.

Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward: he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them.

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity and the rod of his anger shall fail.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease.

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge; and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor.

The slothful men saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.

The mouth of strange women is a deep pit: he that is abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein.

Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.

Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge.

For it is a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.

That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee.

Have not I written to thee excellent things in counsels and knowledge,

That I might make thee know the certainty of the words of truth; that thou mightest answer the words of truth to them that send unto thee?

Rob not the poor, because he is poor: neither oppress the afflicted in the gate:

For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.

Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go;

Lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul.

Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts.

If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?

Remove not the ancient landmark, which they fathers have set.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

The Judgment of God.

Ecclesiastes 12.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears

shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

And moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

The Resurrection.

St. Mark 16: 1-13.

And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

And entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man; for they were afraid.

Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

And she went and told them that had been with him as they mourned and wept.

And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them.

INDEX OF SONGS

Abide With Me ---------- 30
All Hail the Power ---------- 25
All Through the Night ---------- 49
America ---------- 5
Annie Laurie ---------- 47
Argument, The ---------- 62
Auld Lang Syne ---------- 46
Battle Hymn of the Republic ---------- 8
Bird Song ---------- 68
Blue Bells of Scotland ---------- 44
Boy's Song, A ---------- 70
Come, Thou Almighty King ---------- 29
Dear Mother Goose ---------- 59
Dixie ---------- 11
God Bless Our Native Land ---------- 9
Guide Me ---------- 29
Hail, West Virginia ---------- 19
Hear the Raindrops Falling ---------- 76
Help It On ---------- 53
Holy, Holy, Holy ---------- 31
Holy Night ---------- 35
Home of the Soul ---------- 26
Home, Sweet Home ---------- 41
Hurrah ---------- 21
Hymn of the West Virginians ---------- 22
Jingle Bells ---------- 56
Juanita ---------- 43
King of France ---------- 69
Lame, Tame Crane ---------- 61
Lead, Kindly Light ---------- 28
Little Wee-Wees ---------- 54
Loch Lomond ---------- 50
Lord of the Harvest ---------- 32
My Bonnie ---------- 42
My Old Kentucky Home ---------- 38
Nearer, My God, To Thee ---------- 27

New American Hymn ---------- 16
Never Say Fail ---------- 57
Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem ---------- 34
Old Folks at Home ---------- 37
Old Glory, We Love Thee ---------- 14
Old Hundred ---------- 30
Old Mill Wheel ---------- 79
Onward Christian Soldiers ---------- 36
Red, White and Blue ---------- 12
Rig-a-jig ---------- 58
Robert of Lincoln ---------- 66
Santa Lucia ---------- 48
School House on the Hill ---------- 77
Stand By the Right ---------- 51
Star-Spangled Banner ---------- 6
Sun of My Soul ---------- 27
Sunset Peace ---------- 74
Swinging 'Neath the Apple Tree ---------- 40
Tell Me, Dear Robin ---------- 64
Thanksgiving Song ---------- 78
There's Music in the Air ---------- 72
To the North Pole We Will Go ---------- 61
Twilight Is Falling ---------- 52
Upidee ---------- 71
Watch on the Rhine ---------- 45
West Virginia Hills ---------- 20
Yankee Doodle ---------- 10